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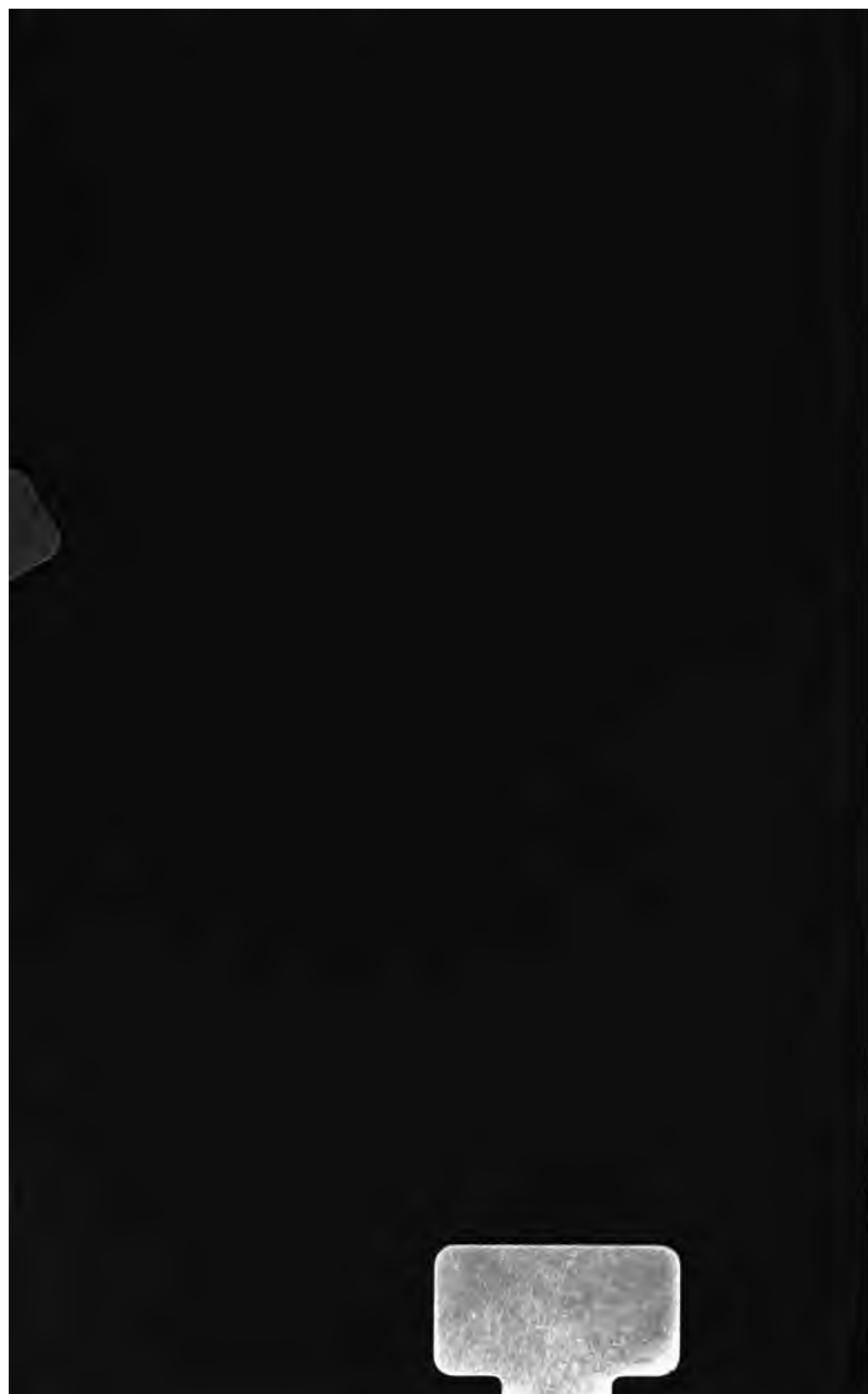
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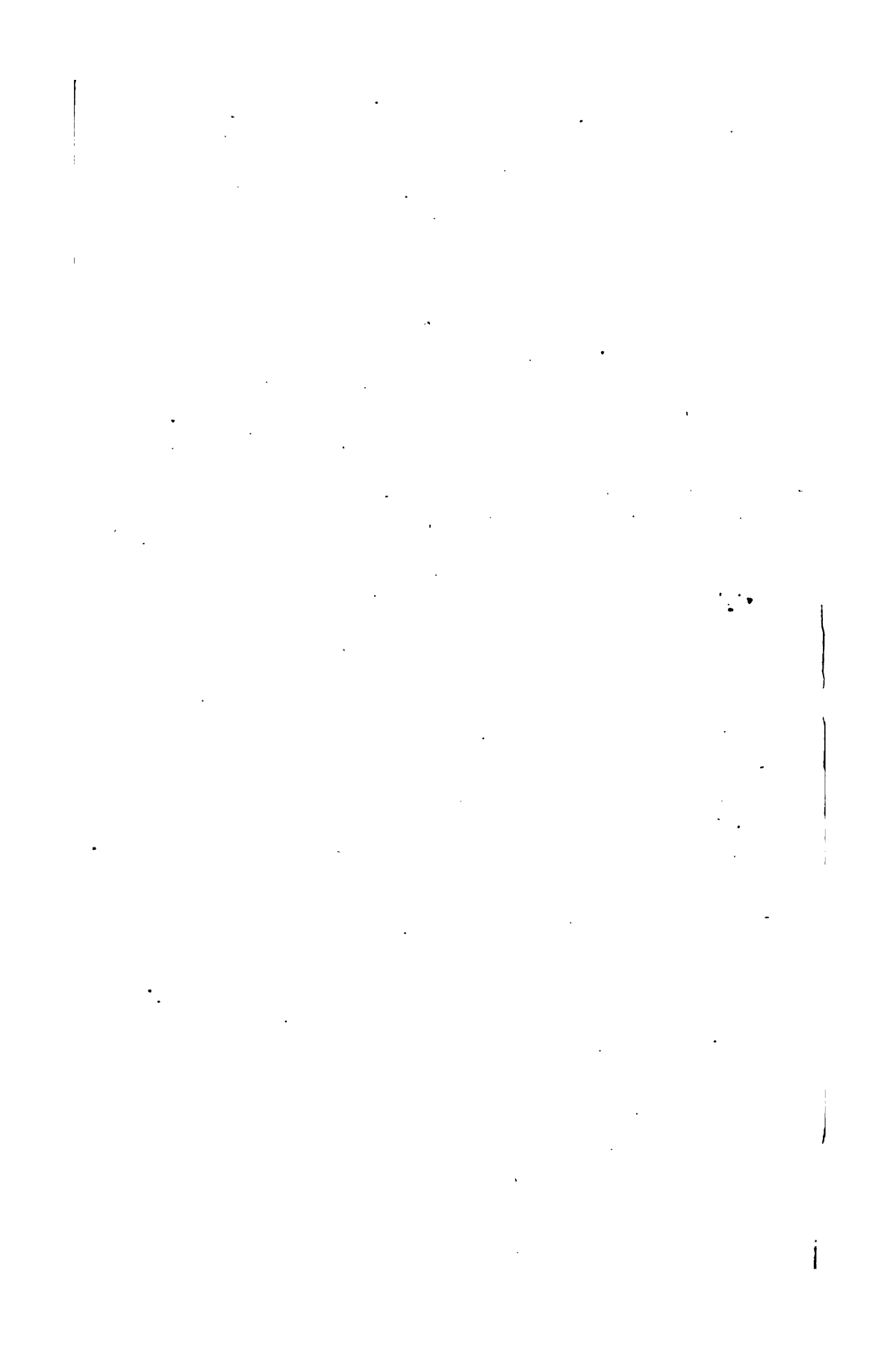
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REMAINS
IN VERSE AND PROSE.



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REMAINS IN VERSE
AND PROSE

OF THE

REV. FRANCIS KILVERT, M.A.

WITH A BRIEF MEMOIR.



BATH: S. W. SIMMS, GEORGE STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

1866.

270. e. 14.

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CORRIGENDUM.

Page 69, line 14 *For rights read rites.*

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

IT has been thought desirable, in compliance with the wishes of many into whose hands this volume is likely to fall, to prefix a few notices of the author, as some record of his useful life and many virtues.

FRANCIS, son of Francis and Anna KILVERT, was born in the city of Bath, on Good Friday, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. He was the eldest of seven sons, and on the death of his father, he became, in early youth, the guardian and instructor of his orphan brothers, two of whom survive to cherish a grateful remembrance of his parental counsels and constant solicitude for their welfare.*

He was connected by descent with the learned Dr. Hurd, bishop of Worcester, of whom he afterwards became the biographer, his father having been brother of the Rev. Richard Kilvert, the kinsman and favourite chaplain of that eminent prelate, by whom he was collated to the rectory of Hartlebury, and by whose interest with the crown he received a prebendal stall

* The Rev. Robert Kilvert, M.A., rector of Langley Burrell, and the Rev. Edward Kilvert, late chaplain in the service of the East India Company.

in the cathedral of the diocese. After having been for some time a pupil of Dr. Rowlandson at Hungerford, where Dr. Hampden, the present bishop of Hereford, was his cotemporary, he was removed to King Edward's Grammar School in his native city, a noble foundation, presided over at that time by a gentleman whom Mr. De Quincey, himself one of his most distinguished pupils, designates as "that most accomplished Etonian, Mr. Morgan." Under this judicious instructor Francis acquired that sound and elegant scholarship for which he was distinguished. He soon rose to be the head boy of the school, and it is deserving of record as a testimony not less to his excellent conduct than to his proficiency in classical literature, that while yet a mere youth, and preparing himself for entrance at the university, he was appointed by Mr. Morgan one of his assistant masters.

At the age of eighteen he matriculated at Oxford; and in after life he loved to recall the circumstance that he entered Worcester college on the same day with its present respected Provost and his own attached friend, Dr. Lynch Cotton. At the earliest period that his age would permit he presented himself for ordination, and was admitted deacon in 1816, and priest in the following year, by Dr. Beadon, bishop of Bath and Wells. The romantic village of Claverton, of which a description from his own pen will be found in this volume, became the scene of his earliest ministrations

as a curate. The place was already classic ground. Its humble parsonage, the residence for fifty years of Richard Graves, its clever but eccentric rector, was a favourite haunt of the poet Shenstone, and was not unfrequently honoured by the presence of Ralph Allen, with Pope and Warburton, and other celebrated visitors at the neighbouring mansion of Prior Park. His early connection with this parish fostered, no doubt, the interest which Mr. Kilvert always took in the lives and writings of this distinguished circle. He was eminently fitted for the profession he had chosen. Those who knew him in his later years, when his mind was matured by a long and intimate acquaintance with the writings of the great masters in theological and classical literature, and by the deeper study of God's Holy Word, can best appreciate his attainments as a divine. But his reputation as a sound and judicious expositor of holy writ, and a faithful member of the English Church, was established much earlier by two publications; the first entitled *Sermons Preached at Christ Church, Bath, 1827*; but more especially by the subsequent volume, containing *Fourteen Sermons, Preached as Evening Lecturer in St. Mary's, Bathwick*. Plain, unpretending, earnest discourses, they aim rather to enforce the practical duties of the gospel than to enucleate points of theological controversy. They proved eminently useful to his hearers, and were published by request in 1837. Grave and simple in his

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manner as a preacher, there was in his calm dignity of demeanour and measured speech something singularly impressive. Mr. Markland, whose own lamented death followed hard upon that of his accomplished friend, remarked with much truth in an obituary notice at the time of his decease, that "there was about him a holiness of character ; and the Christian graces of charity, humility and purity of mind were in him most happily blended. His very countenance evinced his even, placid temper, and the goodness of his heart." "He never sought," adds Mr. Markland, and "never was anxious for preferment, and declined the headship of Queen's college, Birmingham, of which the Rev. Chancellor Law requested his acceptance, considering that his position was fixed in his native city." "In 1837 he became possessor of Claverton lodge, a beautiful spot in the immediate neighbourhood of Bath, to which he transferred his private pupils, sons of gentlemen of birth and fortune. In this residence and sphere of duty he continued till his lamented death. In his later years few things delighted him more than the testimonials of affection which he was constantly receiving from his old pupils, many of them highly distinguished, and numerous letters have arrived from them, on hearing of his death, showing the love and veneration with which they regarded him."

In the year 1841 Mr. Kilvert edited, with much judgment and good taste, the *Literary Remains of*

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Bishop Warburton, being a selection from his unpublished papers. These MSS. had been consigned to his care by a friend of thirty years standing, the late Mrs. Stafford Smith. This lady was the widow of the bishop's friend and chaplain, the Rev. Martin Stafford Smith, by a second marriage ; his former wife, through whom the papers came into his possession, having been Gertrude, the favourite niece of Ralph Allen, and the relict of the bishop.

This publication was received with considerable favour by the scholars and eminent divines of the day. Dr. Chalmers, in a letter to the Editor, "congratulates him on having presented to the world a volume in perfect keeping with the previous works of one of the most colossal men of the Church of England. He is out and out like himself in the whole of the *Remains*." But the testimony most gratifying to the Editor was probably that of the bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Copleston, who pronounced the publication to be "a most valuable accession to our literary and theological stores." "To me," he adds, "the work is peculiarly interesting. Sherlock's letters are particularly valuable ; the whole drift of the argument of the *Divine Legation*, and its unanswerable force appears to have been recognised by him." The volume included an interesting series of letters from bishop Hare, George lord Lyttelton, and other eminent persons, as well as sermons and charges of

high literary merit. Dr. Chalmers greatly admired "the masculine strength and vigour of thought and expression" in the sermons, especially the one on Duelling.

In the years 1848-50, Mr. Kilvert sent from the press a little work in two small volumes, entitled *Pinacothecæ Historicæ Specimen*, the amusement of the few intervals of hard-earned leisure he could snatch from his professional duties. It was an attempt to delineate, under the form of Latin inscriptions, the characters of the most remarkable personages he met with in his reading. The result was a very interesting, though somewhat miscellaneous portrait-gallery of the worthies of all times and nations. In elegant simplicity and pregnant brevity of expression, and in the happy way in which he seized on the salient points of character in each subject of his pen, he was remarkably successful, although it may perhaps be a question whether he did not sometimes depend a little too much upon antithesis for strength and effect. The attempt, however, received the plaudits of some of the first classical scholars of the day. The following is an extract from a letter from his honoured friend bishop Copleston, who thus expresses the high opinion he entertained of its merits: "I am struck with the successful endeavour, in each case, to say much in a few words,—those words remarkably select, and expressive, and appropriate,—exhibiting the noble charac-

teristics of the Latin language as compared with every other, antient or modern. This is a rare excellence, and therefore I mention it first. But it is not the greatest merit of your performance. There is a truth in the delineation of character, and a devotion to rectitude and virtue in your moral estimate, quite as remarkable as the felicity of diction by which the varieties of each portrait are denoted. You have **also** escaped the snare to which brevity (according to Horace's well-known line) is exposed,—obscurity."

Mr. Kilvert's last publication, **on which** he had long been engaged, was the biography of his own distinguished relative, bishop Hurd.* This was to himself naturally a labour of love, and he has shown in the selection of the letters and remains of this once eminent, but now wellnigh forgotten prelate, his usual taste and good sense. The biography of the friend and correspondent of Warburton, and the preceptor selected by George the Third for his two elder sons could hardly fail to afford materials for an interesting memoir. The extracts from the common-place book and letters of the bishop are not without considerable value, and the result, as a judicious critic observes, is "a volume which will be a useful addition to the

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester.* With a selection from his correspondence and other unpublished papers. By the Rev. Francis Kilvert, M.A., Editor of the *Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton.* London: 1860.

biographical shelf of a library, and will often be referred to by the student of the literature and Church politics of the latter half of the last century."

The health of the writer had begun visibly to fail soon after the completion of this work ; and had caused considerable anxiety to his friends ; and, in the autumn of 1863, it pleased the Almighty disposer of all things to take him to himself. He passed away gently ; sensible to the last ; full of faith in the Saviour whose injunction, "Feed my lambs," it had been the labour of his life to fulfil ; and cheered by those ministrations of the Church, which he had invoked in some beautiful verses of his own a few years before, as the wished-for consolation of his dying bed.*

He departed this life at Claverton lodge, on the 16th of September, 1863, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried in Old Widcombe church-yard, beside the graves of his father and two of his brothers. He married in 1822, Adelaide Sophia de Chièvre, "a lady of French extraction, and a refugee of a very antient and historical family,—one most sensible of her husband's many excellencies, and fervently attached to his memory." He left three daughters, of whom the youngest is married to colonel Montagu Cholmeley, of the Indian army.

With respect to the present selection from Mr. Kilvert's papers, it was undertaken as a memorial, at

* See the lines "Ad Librum Precum Communium," p. 86.

the wish and suggestion of a number of his old friends and former pupils, and in the hope that some benefit might accrue to his family from the publication. For it is much to be regretted, that he was less successful than his great merits as a preceptor deserved, in deriving from his profession the wealth and honourable independence, which should have brightened the closing years of his life; and this was mainly the result of his own delicacy of feeling and conscientious abstinence from the vulgar arts by which persons far inferior to himself succeed in attracting the notice of the public. The indulgence of those readers to whom he was personally unknown, may, it is hoped, be extended to these fugitive pieces, the productions of his lighter hours, which were not prepared for the press by himself, and are deprived of the advantage of those corrections, which his own refined taste and elegant scholarship would have supplied.

Some estimate of the merits of Francis Kilvert as a scholar and divine has already been attempted in this notice. In turning to his social qualities, we find much to admire and love. His manner and address at once conciliated the regard and respect which his gentleness and sweetness of temper confirmed. In the higher and more refined circles of society in his native city he was always a welcome guest. Ever anxious to promote the cultivation of intellectual pursuits, he was one of the earliest members of the *Bath Literary Club*, and

nobody more enjoyed, nor added more to the enjoyment of its pleasant *ré-unions*. He contributed at its meetings a number of papers on subjects connected with the literary history of the city, two or three of which will be found in the present volume. His conversation, — that of a highly accomplished scholar and gentleman, — possessed a certain additional charm, the result of his own exquisitely considerate and courteous nature. “The law of kindness,” was indeed “ever on his tongue,” and one trait (too rare, alas! in modern society), and which it would be an injustice to his memory to omit, was especially his own ; — the invariable practice of discouraging, either by his open rebuke, or by his expressive silence, that spirit of malicious detraction which is the bane of social intercourse. Even when obliged to admit the fault, he seldom failed, by suggesting some extenuating circumstances, to show his tenderness to the offender. But not his own favourite English poet could be more intolerant of “Personal Talk ;” and the ready tact, or quiet humour, with which he often succeeded in diverting the conversation into a more profitable channel, was very amusing :

— Ergo

Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis ;
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet : sed quid magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.

HORAT. *Sat.* II, 6, 70.

But the crowning merit of the character of Francis Kilvert was his wise and large-hearted discharge of what he considered as the sacred trust committed to him as a teacher of youth. His title to the affection and veneration of his pupils was earned by a most upright and conscientious devotion to his own honourable calling ; and it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the boon conferred upon society by the half-century of patient, and discriminating, and loving care bestowed by that kind and good man in the rearing up of so many immortal souls to holiness of life in this world, and in setting them forward in their course towards happiness hereafter. For his ruling principle was, that education consists, not in a mere imparting of knowledge, but in a moral and intellectual training—a discipline for heaven. Amongst his papers after his decease was discovered a very touching inscription in Latin, which he had written for his own epitaph, and in which he had embodied the feeling which was the guiding motive of his life. To his own pathetic words there have been added a few additional lines, and both have been engraved on a brass tablet on the walls of St. Mary's, Bathwick, his parish church, and the scene of his frequent ministrations for so many years. They may form no unfitting summary of this little memoir :

M. S.

VIRI · REVERENDI · FRANCISCI · KILVERT · A · M ·
 BATHONIAE · NATI · NVTRITI · LITERIS · INITIATI ·
 OXONII · BONAS · ARTES · EDOCTI ·

QVI ·

AB · INEVNTE · AETATE ·
 CHRISTI · PARVVLIS · ERVDIENDIS ·
 IN · VRBE · PATRIA ·
 DEDITVS ·

CVM · VITA · TANTVM · EXACTA ·

FERVLAM · ARTEMQVE ·

AD · CRVCIS · PEDEM ·

DEPOSUIT.

QVI · DENIQVE ·

(SI · QVIS · ALIVS ·)

ANTIQA · FIDE · MORVM · SANCTITATE ·

VERBORVM · DVLCIDINE ·

CONSPICVVS ·

CONCIONATOR · GRAVIS · SIMPLEX · PERSPICAX ·

IVVENVM · INFORMATOR · PROBABILIS ·

LITERIS · ELEGANTIORIBVS · APPRIME · ORNATVS.

SAVCTAE · MATRIS · ECCLESIAE · ANGLICANAE ·

FILIVS · AMANTISSIMVS ·

AMICIS · OMNIBVS · LVCTVM · ET · SVI · DESIDERIVM ·

RELINQVENS ·

IN · PACE · DECESSIT · DIE · XVI · KAL · OCTOBRIS ·

ANNO · SALVTIS · MDCCCLXIII.

AETATIS · LXX.

March, 1866.

W. L. N.

ENGLISH POEMS.

I.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

HAIL and farewell! thou sweet blossom of glory,
So tardily given, so soon snatched away;
In years immature, but in righteousness hoary,
Like flow'rets that bud, bloom, and die in a day.

And sweeter than all that is wafted from flowers,
The odour they sanctify scattered around:
And lovelier far than Spring's eglantine bowers
Thy feet in the footsteps of piety found.

My child — (let a father's fond plaint be forgiven) —
How hard was the death-stroke that reft thee from me!
But selfish the wish that would keep thee from heaven;
May Hope rather cheer, and Faith guide me to thee.

Farewell then, in Time, amid care, sin and sorrow,
Where gloom and despondency brood o'er the tomb;
But hail! yea, all hail! on Eternity's morrow
Which Righteousness' sun shall for ever illumine.

II.

AN ISRAELITE INDEED.

WHERE'ER I see a calm consistent walk,
 Deep piety that finds not vent in talk,
 Faith that can realise a world on high,
 Hope's anchor-hold, the glow of Charity,
 The liberal hand that grasps no hoarded pelf,
 Humility that last and least counts self,
 Candour that thinks no ill, imputes no guile,
 Courage that spurns at Fortune's frown or smile,
 Whatever that real Christian's name or creed,
 In him I hail an Israelite indeed ;
 To him the hand of fellowship I give,
 Content with him to die, with him to live.

1848.

III.

AN EPITAPH.

*Charlotte Bronte died March 31, 1855,
 aged 38.*

CAST on Life's devious road without a guide,
 Its roughest tracks, its deepest sloughs I tried.
 Ere reason dawned, precocious Fancy woke,
 While to my opening soul bright visions spoke.
 Deeply to grave, what deep 't was given to feel,
 The Muse endowed me with a nib of steel.
 Narrow my range, I scanned it through and through,
 And with stern pencil sterner Nature drew.

'Mid sickness, sorrow, need, and weakness, still,
I proved the power of all-subduing Will.
No debt (through HIM whose blood our ransom made)
Of Friendship, Love, or Piety unpaid,
Here, in sweet peace (but glimpsed on earth) I rest,
Waiting th' all-just, all-merciful behest.

1857.

IV.

ON A PICTURE OF FLORENCE
NIGHTINGALE.

DROOP, droop, thou faded flower ! yes, droop and
die
Blighted and scathed ere thy maturity ;
But scathed and blighted in the noblest cause
That e'er from men or angels won applause ;—
Awhile Death's fateful arrow to delay
And from his fangs to snatch his destined prey ;
Meantime by tenderest ministry to prove
The patient, meek, long-suffering power of Love :
To bid the pain-rack'd body's anguish cease,
And to the contrite spirit whisper peace.
Though by self-sacrificing canker shed
Thy leaves lie withering on their earthly bed,
Yet from those withered leaves shall fragrance rise,
And brightness radiate, to pierce the skies.
Not quench'd their odour, or extinct their bloom ;
For both remains a holier, happier doom ;—
Raised from the pinnacles of earth's renown
To deck thy Saviour's mediatorial crown.

1862.

v.

A PRAYER.

OH! give me back the snow-white robe
My spotless childhood wore ;
Oh! give me back the fragrant wreath
My youthful forehead bore !

For soil'd is my baptismal garb
With sin's abhorrent stain,
And withered is my chaplet fair
Around my feverish brain.

Oh! that I were as when Thy light
Beam'd on my new-cleansed head,
Ere yet in trespasses and sin
My soul was lost and dead.

By home-felt trial I have found
How cheerless is the path
Of those who wander from Thy ways
And dare Thy chastening wrath.

Oh! let me their experience know
Who, drawn by cords of love,
Break sin's close fetters, and released,
Thy pardoning mercy prove.

So shall I join with mind serene
The royal minstrel's song,
While the heart's utterance shall impart
True music to my tongue : —

“ Before affliction stopp’d my course
My footsteps went astray,
But grief has disciplined my soul
Thy precepts to obey.

“ Blest is the penitent whose sin
Through grace has pardon found,
On whom no imputation rests,
Whom mercy has unbound.”

VI.

THE GARDEN.

MAN in a garden happiness first found ;
Still in a garden does his bliss abound.
The flowery border, and the cool alcove,
The lawn smooth shaven, and the whispering grove,
The mingled sweets that various flowers dispense,
The fairy scenes that charm the visual sense,
“ The summer-dashing”* of the clear cascade,
The wind’s low murmur thro’ the embowering shade,
These, in their turn, each keen sensation wake,
And the whole soul their willing captive make.

Midst these, oh ! P——, thy happy lot is cast,
Midst these thy days in guileless joys are past.
Oh ! may that summons which must come to all
Upon thine ear with gentlest accents fall,
From thine own Eden point thy steps on high
To range a Paradise beyond the sky.

1837.

* Milman.

VII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

O PRAYER of prayers, whose hallowed voice
 With deepest meaning fraught,
 While to JEHOVAH'S ear it speaks
 To man his need has taught.

In thee the untutored infant tongue
 Lisps out its first address ;
 In thee the lips of hoary age
 Its last desires express.

In youth, in manhood and in age
 Our comfort let it be
 The yearnings of the o'er-burdened heart
 To pour to GOD by thee.

1849.

VIII.

EPITAPH ON A MOTHER AND SON.

I N sleep more balmy than his infant rest
 A son here slumbers on his mother's breast ;
 Blest pair ! whose simple faith and spotless truth
 To age prolonged the moral bloom of youth.
 Round as ye kneel, ye mourners, silence keep,
 Nor break the quiet of their dreamless sleep ;
 Their sweet repose here gently let them take
 Till the trump sounds, and both to bliss awake.

1849.

IX.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

MARK how the silver "moonlight sleeps"*
On yonder grassy mound,
While solemn silence stilly keeps
Its sacred vigils round.

Yet vocal is that silence deep
To the discerning ear,
On such, mute eloquence it pours
Which chains the soul to hear.

It speaks of Peace, — that peace of GOD
No human thought can reach :
Of peace with man, which oft in vain
E'en sacred lessons teach.

It speaks of Rest, — of rest in GOD,
Far from the world's "harsh din" :
Rest, which no cross nor sorrow breaks, —
Of rest from toil and sin.

It speaks of Joy, — in courts above
A heavenly banquet spread,
Where, amid angel choirs, delight
Awaits the holy dead.

* Shakespeare : *Merchant of Venice*.

X.

Written on the fly leaf of a Psalter.

PSALMIST of Israel! teach our souls to rise
 Like thine with holy fervour to the skies;
 Let thy sweet strains our hearts for GOD prepare,
 And praise transmit its votary to prayer;
 And whilst our duty in our prayers we read,
 May grace direct us in thought, word and deed.

XI.

It is reported that the great and good Sir William Forbes said in his last moments, "that from his experience the bed of death had no terrors: that in the hour when it was most wanted there was mercy from the Most High, and that some change took place, which fitted the soul to meet its GOD."

Life of William Stevens, p. 137.

SAY that through dread of the last enemy
 Thy life hath passed in bondage; fear not thou.
 With Him, in whom we live, and move, and have
 Our being, mercy dwells: He to our need
 Proportion'd aid dispenses: in the hour
 When shuffling off with pain its earthly coil
 This mortal puts on immortality,
 A gracious change mysteriously comes o'er
 Our nature, which by secret working fits
 The soul to meet its GOD.

XII.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CEMETERY.

SOWN in corruption, — sin's allotted doom,
 Christ's husbandry here moulders in the Tomb,
 In incorruption raised, from dust to spring,
 When the great Husbandman his sheaves shall bring.
 Whoe'er thou art that tread'st this sacred sod,
 Close to the world thine ear, and ope to GOD ;
 The still small voice in simple faith apply,
 Which speaks thee mortal, and instructs to die.
 Let but thy lip confess GOD'S holy fear,
 Thy walk be blameless, and thy conscience clear,
 Dread not sin's power, nor shudder at Death's strife ;
 Christ is thy Resurrection, and thy Life.

1856.

XIII.

THE REV. EDWARD TOTTENHAM.

Died June 7th 1853, ætat 42.

"OF manners gentle, of affections mild,
 In wit a man, simplicity a child." *
 Thus far, O Tottenham, be thy graces told
 In strains pourtraying one of kindred mould :
 But more and better far remains to tell,
 On which with tearful joy thy mourners dwell ;
 How in thy well-poised mind clear reason strove
 With maiden modesty, and Christian love ; —

* Pope's epitaph on Gay.

How earnest purpose quicken'd calm good sense,
And learning's ballast steadied eloquence ;—
How plodding industry her power combined
With quick invention, and with taste refined ;
Whilst on thy words as listening thousands hung,
Grace and discretion curb'd thy fluent tongue.
When shall we look upon thy like again ?
So rich in gifts — of gifts so little vain !
When, mingled view with Martha's Mary's part, —
The zeal of Peter with John's loving heart, —
With dove-like innocence the serpent's wile, —
Paul's prudence with Nathanael's lack of guile !
Where, amid controversy's votaries find
Like thine, — severity with mildness joined,
Which error's self with equal eye could scan
And lash the opinion while it spared the man !
Sad Erin mourns in thee a duteous son,
Who made his mother's miseries his own ;
What his scant pittance furnished freely gave,
Nor blushed a boon on her behalf to crave ;
And fed mid want and woe, and civil strife
Her starving children with the bread of life.
Farewell ! thy dust with kindred dust we lay, —
A sorrowing *Vale !* to thy spirit say :
Still o'er thy bier shall faithful memory keep
Her vigil, and with tears unbidden weep, —
Mourn thee, — endow'd with all long life can give,
Cut down when others but begin to live ;—
Thy graces, virtues, gifts, acquirements, — all
With throbbing heart and quivering lip recall :
But check our selfish longings as they rise,
Which to a saint would grudge his destined skies.

XIV.

I. PETER iii. 9.

RAILING with railing answer not, but leave
Thy cause to Him, who one day shall achieve
Thine honour's rescue, and shall make appear
Thy righteous dealing as the noonday clear.
Bless thou meanwhile, and pray with Him who knew
Man's vileness, weakness, darkness thro' and thro' ;
" Father, forgive them, for they know not what they
do." 1853.

XV.

SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, BART.

The Christian—the Statesman—the Gentleman.

IN Inglis' praise, the universal friend,
Where shall the Muse her strain begin or end ?
Where, but with that whose power, below, above,
Fills, warms, and quickens all things—Heavenly Love!
Friend to his GOD, his country, and his kind,
Love ruled his heart, love sanctified his mind.
Love was the spring of every heavenward thought ;
Love in each self-denying action wrought !
Hence was that careful walk, that holy fear,
Which spoke GOD'S solemn presence ever near ;
Hence was each day's premeditated plan
Fulfilled as unto GOD, and not to man ;
Hence to his country's weal severely just,
He viewed her service as a sacred trust ;

Nor e'er to interest or affection gave
The meed withholden from the wise and brave.
Tho' schooled to watch the heart's deceitful course
And track each wily motive to its source,
On others' faults a lenient eye he cast,
And only on himself strict judgment passed ;
For human frailty still allowance made,
But his own deeds to line and plummet laid.
Cast on a time when headstrong folly wore
The mask of wisdom, and its honour bore,
He to its substance resolutely true,
To "old experience" paid the homage due.
The helm of state, shared by his practised hand,
Felt prudence check temerity's command.
The future sagely judging by the past,
An anxious pilot's backward glance he cast,
And, tempering confidence with cautious fear,
By chart and compass chose his bark to steer,
Nor madly wreck her by a chance career.
The modest flower his constant vest enshrined
Shone the meet emblem of a tranquil mind ;
And as through friendly crowds he sauntering paced,
Nod, smile, or greeting, each with welcome graced :
Or at that social board where, side by side,
Votaries of Letters, Art, and Science vied,
With high-bred courtesy the watchful host
Thawed the chill influence of our island-frost,
For each man's forte a dext'rous opening made,
And drew reluctant merit from its shade, —
Brought points of union into broadest light,
But kept vexed questions wisely out of sight ;
Till with a pleased surprise opponents smiled
To find their difference of its sting beguiled.

Oh ! when around our longing eyes we turn,
And for some kindred spirit vainly yearn,
Tired, like the dove, with fruitless range we come
Lone and forlorn to our deserted home,
Hopeless amid earth's denizens to find
Thy peer in Heaven's best gifts of heart and mind.
1855.

XVI.

A HYMN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY
OF HOLY BAPTISM.

A CHILD of wrath, in sin conceiv'd
From righteousness far gone,
I claim a heritage divine,
By title not my own.

As on this day, the Fount of Grace
Restored my tainted blood,
This day was my adoption seal'd, —
This day my claim made good.

Spirit of power, of grace, of love,
From sin's pollution free,
Oh ! let this breast for ever prove,
A dwelling meet for Thee.

Ere Satan, sin, and worldly care
To mar my peace conspire,
Preoccupy my youthful heart
With Thine own hallow'd fire.

Perfect, O LORD, the glorious work
 Thy Spirit hath begun,
 And as my Christian day has dawn'd,
 So let its course be run.

XVII.

*Lines written in a copy of Bishop Wilson's
 "Sacra Privata."*

CLOSE to the world's vain pomp thy dazzled eye,
 And in thy heart's deep sanctuary hold
 High converse with thy GOD. To Him lay bare
 Thy sins, thine errors, weaknesses and wants ;
 And pardon, strength, and spiritual sustenance
 On bended knee, with hands uplifted ask :
 Thy plea in JESU'S Name, the Father's love
 Will grant, and send His Spirit from on high.

1856.

XVIII.

THE EXCEEDING SINFULNESS
 OF SIN.

O H! think not, Christian, there can be
 A small or venial sin :
 If such thy thought, scan carefully
 Thy heart of hearts within.

What clouds thy former evidence
Of GOD's paternal love?
What blunts the keen transporting sense
Of influence from above?

'Tis not the *measure* or *degree*
Of ills that thou hast done;
'Tis sin's foul *nature* reaching thee
Within thine heart, alone.

Oh! frame not then excuses vague
Nor vain distinctions draw,
But hate as leprosy or plague
All swerving from GOD'S law.

Unclean, unclean, — the leper's cry
With self-abasement raise,
While the hot tears and heart-drawn sigh
Attest thy hapless case.

Then to the precious fountain haste,
For sinners taught to flow,
There cleanness, health, and vigour taste,
There full salvation know.

1836.

XIX.

IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD? *Jer. viii. 22.*

THERE is but one availing plea
That can our pardon win:
There is but one effectual balm
For all the ills of sin.

What is that plea that can alone
 Set free the captive soul?
 That balm which has alone the power
 To make the sinner whole?

'Tis JESUS' Blood : — that only plea
 Deliverance can ensure :
 'Tis JESUS' Blood : — that only balm
 Our sin-sick souls can cure.

1853.

XX.

DREAMY THOUGHTS.

*Suggested by an engraving from a picture by
 W. H. PHILLIPS, seen at Warleigh.*

WHERE are thy thoughts, oh ! maiden fair, who
 sitt'st
 Gazing on vacancy, thine outward form
 Languid and listless, but the mind within
 Excursive, ranging Fancy's ample fields?
 Ha ! mark that tell-tale speck that glistens bright
 On the horizon of the far-off sea, —
 A sail ! The mystery is solved. *There* dwell
 The maiden's thoughts, — condensed in that small
 speck
 Her life of life, past, present, and to come.
 GOD speed thee, good ship — speed the gallant youth,
 Thy precious freight, whose present image fills
 The maiden's mind's eye ; speed thee, maiden, too,
 Grant thee thy heart's desire, and not deny
 The whispered prayer that quivers on thy lips.

XXI.

*On the death of Margaret the infant daughter of the
Rev. Dr. B., President of Magdalen College, Oxford.*

HOW various, sainted Magdalen,
The forms of destiny
Which, in thy sacred precincts, thou
Hast viewed with tearful eye !

Routh, in his blameless course, fulfilled
A century of years ;
To Margaret scarce four moons were given
'Twixt parents' joy and tears.

But He who shapes our life's career
Sees not with human eyes ;
We scan th' external form, but He
The informing spirit tries.

Routh, though in age and wisdom ripe,
In guile an infant died :
To Margaret's soul baptismal grace
The lack of both supplied.

For bliss alike prepared, to each
An equal boon is given,
Through merits not their own, to taste
Eternal joys in heaven.

Let both in dreamless sleep repose
On earth's all-fostering breast,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
With thrilling joy their rest.

And ye, bereaved ones, weep not long
 The offspring of your love,
 Nor grudge a sister innocent
 To swell the choir above.

1856.

XXII.

FRAGMENT.

*Suggested by Bishop SELWYN'S Christian heroism in
 determining to return to his Diocese of New
 Zealand, "to dig, or beg, or both."*

"TO dig, or beg, or both," (perchance to want,
 And bear, like holy Paul, with equal frame,
 Need and abundance!) There the spirit spake
 Of missionary zeal, — zeal which of yore
 In Xavier's, Schwartz', and Marsden's bosoms glowed,
 And now in thine, thrice-honoured SELWYN, burns.
 May their memorial rot, whose mitred pride
 In purple and fine linen glistening,
 And faring sumptuously every day,
 Erst on the Church's kine and fatlings preyed,
 And her true labourers with vile offal fed!
 Passed are those days of scandal and rebuke, —
 Passed to the pit of gloom from whence they sprung.
 A better age succeeds, and brighter hopes,
 And happier auguries of triumphs o'er
 The powers of darkness. Flushed with purple light
 The Church's cheek a healthful radiance wears:
 To self-denial self-indulgence yields,
 And daily trials prove her new-born strength.

Nerved with fresh vigour, for the conquest braced,
Her adamantine panoply once more
She dons — the breast-plate pure of Righteousness,
The shield of Faith which Satan's darts can quench,
The helmet of Salvation. Tidings glad
Of heaven-born Peace her tender feet secure ;
While Truth's bright girdle circles her, and waves
The Spirit's sword triumphant in her hand.
Daughter of Zion, in thy might go forth,
Strong in that strength which faith and love by prayer
Win from Omnipotence. —

Go forth, and with thy heaven-directed aim
Smite (as of old the son of Jesse smote
Gath's giant-champion with his feeble sling)
Those triple foes 'gainst whom, like Afric's son,
E'en at the cleansing fount thine infant voice
Vowed internecine hatred. Conquering
And yet to conquer, urge thine onward course,
Heedless of triumphs past, on victories
To come intent, till bruised beneath thy feet
The vanquished foes of thy Redeemer fall.
And thou, Apostle of the southern main,
Whom love for CHRIST and souls insatiate draws
O'er trackless seas, e'en to the utmost haunts
Of Satan, where in foul unnatural feast
Man preys on man, — and idol-rites abhorred
Blind votaries in ruthless bondage hold, —
Tho' sire and master in our Israel, thou
Art son of many prayers. For thee the cloud
Of morning and of evening incense rolls
Up to the mercy-seat. Pure hands for thee
Are raised, and loving hearts, whose throbs pierce
heaven,
And touch with kindred pulse the Saviour's breast.

Hence on thy word and work flow blessings down,
 And Zion boasts her of a countless host, —
 Souls won from Satan's thraldom and enrolled
 Among the armies of the living GOD :
 While He for whom thou labourest, beholds
 Of His soul's travail, and is glad : — yea joys
 With joy of triumph o'er His rescued bands.

1854

XXIII.

*Lines written in a Lady's Album opposite
 to a sketch of Tintern Abbey.*

CHURCH of our Fathers ! on thy mouldering
 towers
 How hard have lain rude hands, and ruthless hours !
 Yet still in hoary majesty sublime,
 Thy fragments brave the shocks of force and time.
 How oft along thine echoing aisles have rung
 The matin voice of praise, the vesper song.
 How many a heart with rapt devotion fired
 Has caught the glow thy sacred haunts inspired,
 Its passions lulled, its sorrows bid to cease,
 Has tasted here the calm of perfect peace.
 Those suns are set, — those tranquil hours are flown.
 In vain devotion seeks to kneel alone ;
 Of man avoids in vain the contact rude,
 To muse of heaven in cloister'd solitude.
 Oh ! may those welcome "loopholes of retreat"
 Yet woo again the heavenward pilgrim's feet ;
 Yet, when temptation's banner floats unfurled,
 Afford a shelter from the assailant world ;

And when the Christian's victory is to fly,
Reveal a port at hand, a refuge nigh.

1838.

XXIV.

TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

AS at the infant JESUS' birth
A new-born star illumed the earth,
Which on the royal pilgrims shed
Light to the Saviour's lowly bed ;
So may the star of grace arise
To meet thy young soul's opening eyes,
And guide thy way thro' earth's turmoil.
Where glory crowns the Christian's toil.

XXV.

A CHURCHYARD MEDITATION.

I TROD the churchyard's winding path,
Begirt with many a heaving sod ;
Where, like some sire of hoary age,
Uprose the reverend House of GOD.

The westering sun was sinking low,
And lengthening shadows marked the ground,
While not a distant echo broke
"The sacred calm" that breathed around.

A solemn sense of inward peace '
Was sweetly on my mind imprest,
And with its holy influence
Lull'd every jarring thought to rest.

Amid the swelling mounds that told
Where dust to kindred dust was laid,
Two grassy hillocks side by side
With kindling interest I survey'd.

The one, of full dimensions, spoke
A tenant form of ripened age ;
The next, of scant proportion, showed
One reft in childhood's earliest stage.

I paused — the contrast full and broad
Came to my mind with meaning fraught,
And truths that erst but struck the ear,
With power and deep conviction taught.

If thus nor youth nor age can claim
Exemption from death's firm decree,
How needful in life's every stage
To muse on our mortality !

To burst in thought the earthly coil
That holds us thrall'd and prison'd here,
And seek on Faith's aspiring wing
Our heavenly home, — our proper sphere.

There youth and age, distinct no more,
Clothed with angelic radiance shine,
And circling round the eternal throne
In hymns of ceaseless worship join.

XXVI.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

Zech. xiv. 7.

IN Scotia's clime light's cheering ray
Prolongs the empire of the day,
Darkness suspends her sable pall,
Nor lets it o'er creation fall.
'Tis thus that aged Christians prove
The Spirit's power, the Saviour's love,
While brightening on their ravish'd sight,
In life's grey eve beams Gospel light.

1849.

XXVII.

*To JOHN BRITTON, the father of British Archæology,
on his appearance at the inauguration of the
Wiltshire Archæological Society,
October 12th, 1853.*

THO' reverend with age, and with dignity graced,
To our childhood's lov'd home we turn fondly at
last,
Its haunts have a charm with which glory can't vie,
Its memories or value no gold can come nigh.
Thus time-honour'd BRITTON, whose hardly-earn'd
fame
In the record of ages had blazon'd his name,
Revisiting scenes where he first 'gan to learn
That lore which exalts him o'er Aubrey and Hearne ;
Prefers to all wreaths on his forehead which glow,
The chaplet Wiltonia twines for his brow.

1853.

XXVIII.

"HONOUR THY FATHER AND MOTHER."

Exod. xx. 12.

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth,
For GOD hath willed it so ;
But in the paths of grace and truth
Thy way rejoicing go.

And if temptation's siren voice
Should lure thy steps aside,
The counsel sage of reverend eld
To spurn in youthful pride ;

If to a mother's mild rebuke,
A father's due command,
Unduteous word, unloving look,
In hateful record stand ; —

Bethink thee, — when thy sires are call'd
Their last long way to go,
And season and occasion fail
Love's sacred signs to show, —

How wilt thou long for one brief hour
Of all misprized before,
To clasp them in a fond embrace,
Repellant tears to pour !

Bethink thee, — when thine own fair child
Shall thwart and reckless prove,
And pay but disobedience back
For all thy care and love : —

How will the retribution come
Like oil into thy bones !
Drink up thy spirit's strength within,
And wake its voiceless groans !

But oh ! bethink thee, — when that hour
Shall come, which comes to all,
How heavy on the parting soul
Past memories shall fall !

How marshall'd up in fierce array
Each rebel act shall stand, —
Each word, each look, each thought displayed
A foul and hideous band :

How e'er the fiat shall go forth
Which dooms to worm and fire,
The harpy conscience on her prey
Shall fix her talons dire !

O then, whilst yet the evil day
In distant sight appears,
Each smart of wounded duty heal
By penitential tears.

So, when thy parting hour shall come,
The voice to memory dear
Of parents' long-past benison
Shall soothe thy spirit's ear.

1851.

XXIX.

THE LAST LOSS.

WHEN by the death of some lov'd saint
Life's latest tie is burst,
The stroke of fate as keenly falls
As if it were the first.

All past and present losses shrink
In that sad blow comprest,
Those we last loved, we seem to love
The dearest and the best.

It is as though life's last support
With this frail prop were gone,
And nothing now remained to us
Which we could call our own.

There must be scenes in worlds to come
Of far surpassing bliss
To recompense man's suffering frame
For agonies like this !

Here nature fails : — the abyss of love
Her plummet cannot reach ;
Joys without bound, degree, or end
GOD'S word alone can teach.

And it *has* taught what eye nor ear
Can in this state receive,
Nor into man's insensate heart
Can enter to conceive.

Here let us rest, — and those we love
With joyful hope resign :
Their future portion and our own
Trusting to love divine.

XXX.

“It is an easy thing for a wrangling sophister to dispute of *merits* in the schools, or for a vain orator to declaim of *merits* out of the pulpit : but when we come to lie upon our death-beds, and present ourselves at the last hour before the tribunal of CHRIST, it is high time both for you and us to renounce our own merits, and to cast ourselves naked into the arms of our Saviour.” — Archbishop Bramhall's *Epist. to M. de la Milletière*, 8vo, p. 57.

WHEN trembling on life's utmost verge
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
No virtuous deeds that I have done
Can my sad spirit cheer.

For who can purify the hands
Dyed by the accursed thing ;
Or from a nature spoil'd by sin
Works meritorious bring ?

Rather of my infirmities
And failures will I boast,
To magnify His love, who came
To seek and save the lost.

Naked, as from my mother's womb
Into this world I passed,
Naked into my Saviour's arms
My trembling soul I cast.

Merit ! the very name I loathe ;
 My hope rests all on Thee ;
 Blind, needy, helpless, and unclean,
 O JESU, pity me !

1850.

XXXI.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

SEE yon tall shaft, that o'er the rocky strand
 Towering, looks seaward from the western land :
 Mark how, surmounted by revolving fires,
 To heaven's high arch its lofty head aspires,
 While raised by skilful hands, of polished stone,
 Beauty and strength its fair proportions own.
 When o'er creation night suspends her pall,
 And in Cimmerian shade envelopes all, —
 When winds and waves in furious conflict strive,
 And shattered barks at random hopeless drive, —
 When the stout heart, which ne'er in battle quail'd
 By fear of death inglorious, sinks, assail'd, —
 How welcome, cleaving the surrounding gloom,
 These fires unerring in the distance loom !
 So, when led onward by their long-tried GOD,
 Rebellious Israel the wild desert trod,
 The fiery column, 'thwart the shades of night
 Threw on the faithless tribes its wondrous light :
 Mute at the view the prostrate crowd adored,
 And own'd the mercy of their pitying LORD.
 As from afar the mariner describes
 The radiant beacon, with rejoicing eyes,

Heavenward he pours a short but fervent prayer
For those whose deed of mercy fixed it there :
" May Heaven's kind hand our benefactors crown
" With benefits foreshadow'd by their own.
" When Death's dark mantle wraps around their head
" May Faith's bright lamp its cheering lustre shed,
" In safety guiding to that blissful strand,
" The wish'd-for haven of the promised land :
" There may Hope's anchor moor them to the shore
" Where life's wild tempests will assail no more,
" But love, and joy, and peace their endless blessings
pour."

1859.

XXXII.

*Lines written on the fly leaf of a book given
by the Rev. W. BLISS.*

——— Farewell my friend :
" Thou wast not, for GOD took thee ;" in thy rest
Thou slumberest sweetly on thy Saviour's breast,
Such slumbers as the new-born infant takes,
To sin and sorrow ere its spirit wakes,
Smiling with ecstasy serene and deep
At angel-visions in its conscious sleep.
Bliss was thy name ; — blest omen of thine end :
In bliss until we meet, — farewell my friend.

XXXIII.

CONVERSATION.

IN conversation do you seek to shine ?
The listener's with the talker's part combine.
But let the two their due proportion own, —
Listening to talking be as ten to one.
Study each hobby of your host, and seek
To give him vent for all he likes to speak.
Lead up to his old stories, and suggest
Topics he shines in, and which please him best.
Muzzle your own impatience, and sing small,
Or, except need require, ne'er speak at all.
For sense should nonsense ears obsequious greet,
Come to the rescue, — cover his retreat ; —
With words adroitly marshall'd interpose,
And dexterously the halting sentence close.
Then will your fame the world of parties span :
"What a good talker ! what a pleasant man !
"Wise too, and well inform'd, and what a choice
"Of language — how much music in his voice :
"Of all the talkers it has been my fate
"In life to meet I never found his mate."
To such an one will — his hand extend,
— will be proud to hail him as a friend.
Your host with parting smile and squeeze will say,
"Thank you for all your charming talk to-day."
Of many a future welcome you'll be sure,
And o'er loquacious rivals reign secure.

XXXIV.

To the dear and honoured memory of
JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

SERVANT of GOD, farewell! Thy labour done,
Thy task accomplished, and thy guerdon won,
Faithful to death, a crown of endless life
Awaits thee victor in earth's doubtful strife.
To thee by high prerogative were given
The fairest, noblest gifts of favouring Heaven,—
A spirit to love's fountain ever near,
Quick understanding in GOD's holy fear,—
An instinct first, by heavenly flame refined,
Thy love glowed purely to all human kind,
But chief for those of Faith's own household free
Melted thy soul in holiest charity.

To be a man — thy flowing grace obtained ;
To be a Christian — thy heart's fullness gained.
In pastoral vigilance thine eye ne'er slept,
But first thyself and then thy brother kept.
"Be pitiful, be courteous," found in thee
Their full perfection and supreme degree ;
For through thy clear escutcheon's faultless plan
"The perfect blazon of a gentleman" *
In equal lines with Christian meekness ran.

Servant of GOD, farewell! Be ours to trace
The reflex image of thine every grace,
And treasure as a sacred heritage
Each line inscribed upon thy life's fair page.

* Ben Jonson.

As when fleet sails the labouring vessels urge
 Through the blue billows of the mid-land surge,
 To starry night when yields the orb of day,
 A silvery furrow marks the keel's bright way, —
 Such radiant light thy blest example shed,
 Such glory beamed around thy dying head.
 Oh! being dead, may thine example speak,
 Till all the source of thy perfection seek,
 The Saviour's walk in thine reflected see,
 And urged by grace to holy rivalry
 Still magnify the gifts of GOD in thee. }

1854.

XXXV.

*On the pictures of Bishop HURD and Dr. PARR, in
 the Library of Hartlebury Castle.*

HERE, mid the studious lore to both endear'd,
 See HURD and PARR in peace unbroken rear'd!
 Hurd sits apart in dignified repose;
 Parr, o'er his pipe, in genial converse glows;
 Each undisturb'd, untroubled by the other
 Pursues his bent, and checks not at his brother.
 Thus may their spirits in a happier sphere
 Eschew the causes which estranged them here,
 And (if a blush on heavenly cheeks can glow)
 Blush o'er their long-quench'd enmities below.

1858.

XXXVI.

*On a picture of "POPE, ALLEN and Warburton,
at Prior Park."*

YE who embodied seek the informing mind,
WIT, WORTH and WISDOM here behold enshrined ;
Each in the form it loved on earth to own
As POPE, as ALLEN and as Warburton.
Thus in sage council did the trio meet,
Where Widcombe's classic shades and letter'd seat }
To haunts Pierian woo'd the studious pilgrim's feet. }
1853.

XXXVII.

MARTIN J. ROUTH, D.D.,
ÆT. 97.

IN studious cares a century well nigh past,
Three generations ROUTH'S fresh powers outlast :
A Nestor's snows his reverend temples grace,
A Nestor's vigour in his mind we trace.
Judgment not yet on her tribunal sleeps ;
Her faithful record cloudless memory keeps ;
Nor eye, nor hand, their ministry decline
To letter'd toils, or service of the Nine.
Yet, thro' his heart the genial current goes ;
Yet, in his breast the warmth of friendship glows ;
On rites of hospitality intent,
Towards Christian courtesy his thoughts are bent ;
While from those lips, which guile nor flattery know,
"Prophetic strains" of old "experience" flow.

A blessing rest upon thy sacred head,
 Time-honour'd remnant of "the mighty dead"!
 Thro' whom OXONIA'S sons exulting trace
 Their stainless lineage from a better race.
 Still may thy saintly course their beacon shine,
 Still round their heartstrings thy meek wisdom twine,
 Still be their loyal loving homage thine ;
 And tardy may the heavenward summons come
 Which calls thee from thy sojourn to thy home.

XXXVIII.

TO A FRIEND,

On an unwelcome change of abode.

A MID life's tumults passion-tost
 While yet we sojourn here,
 How oft unwelcome flittings cost
 A frail and human tear !

Yet something whispers to the heart
 What GOD'S own words attest,
 " Arise, O pilgrim, and depart,
 " For this is not thy rest."*

The Christian sees a waving hand
 " Which beckons him away,"
 He hears a voice with accents bland
 " Which says he must not stay."

* Micah ii. 10.

That hand, that voice, his steps would guide
To final rest above —
Through every change that may betide
By Faith, and Hope, and Love.

Then look not thou for rest below
But seek that lasting home,
Where joys in boundless measure flow,
And change no more can come.

XXXIX.

ON PHILIP BURY DUNCAN,
The Benefactor of Bath.

OF her chief spokesman grateful Athens own'd
The patriot-worth by generous deeds renown'd ;
With loud acclaim his footsteps pages now,
Anon with golden circlet binds his brow.—
Bath serv'd, graced, honour'd in a thousand ways,
To DUNCAN pours her meed of thankful praise :
The crown—presumptuous boon—she leaves to grace
His radiant temples in a holier place.

1845.

XL.

KESTEVAN.*

THO' level thy meads and plow-lands lie,
And no hills cut sharply thy murky sky,
Tho' listless and slow thy waters run,
Nor bowers give shelter 'gainst rain and sun,

* A district of Lincolnshire.

XLII.

“DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.”

THE LORD is my light — when the dark clouds of
error

O’ershadow my footsteps, and brood o’er my way,
His beacon far-streaming dispels all my terror,
And sheds on my path the effulgence of day.

The LORD is my light — when the beams of false
science,

With splendour wild-glaring would lure me aside,
His lamp’s steady lustre, in childlike affiance
To Truth’s starry shrine shall the wanderer guide.

The LORD is my light — thro’ the changes and chances,
The waxing and waning of age, shall His ray,
While years onward press with their stealthy advances,
Grow brighter and brighter as time fades away.

The LORD is my light — when life’s stars are paling
And eternity’s dawn rosy radiance flings,
The sun of salvation with brightness unfailing
Shall rise on my spirit with health in its wings.

O Fountain of Light — ever bright, ever beaming,
May the eye of my soul ever centre on Thee,
With Truth, Love and Grace may Thy lustre far-
gleaming
My lode-star thro’ time and eternity be !

1851.

XLIII.

"IN MEMORIAM."

J—— D—— *died February 29th 1856, aged 22.*

IN sleep more balmy than thine infant rest,
Slumber, blest youth, on earth's all-fostering breast,
Till on thy ravish'd ear, at Time's last hour,
Its call to endless bliss the trump shall pour :
Blest in thy lot, to shelter in the tomb
Unscathed, unblighted, childhood's moral bloom ;
Thy robe baptismal, of snow's purest hue,
Unstained to keep from "great offence" as new ;—
Blameless and harmless, 'midst a crooked race
Virtue's straight path with single eye to trace,
And in the footsteps holy Enoch trod,
To walk in innocence, and walk with GOD.
Like Enoch's, too, the meed thy progress won,
"He was not, for GOD took" his chosen son.
For thee nor chilling fear, nor doubt we feel,
Stamped with the Spirit's unmistakable seal.
Angels for thee Heaven's choicest crown prepare,
And long with strains of joy to greet thee there ;
While JESUS from His mediatorial throne
Bends, "of the travail of His soul" to own.

1856.

XLIV.

AN EPITAPH.

OTHERS I taught and ruled, but, witless elf !
 I knew not, taught not, govern'd not myself.
 What wonder, if, in darkness black as pitch,
 Guided and guide thus fell into the ditch,
 Or if, of this their misadventure vain,
 Nor guide nor guided scrambled out again !

Here, then, I lie ; but GOD with other eyes
 Views man's short-comings, than the worldly wise ;
 His thoughts the heart's deep sanctuary try, —
 His rule is right — His law is equity, —
 And when His justice lifts a threatening voice,
 His mercy can o'er Justice' self rejoice.
 Moor'd to that Rock, which all Hell's powers assail,
 But o'er whose strength Hell's power shall ne'er
 prevail,
 In trembling hope His fiat I await
 Who spurns no humble sinner from Heaven's gate.

1851.

XLV.

*To one "departed this life in GOD'S
 faith and fear."*

THOU art not dead, my precious one,
 But to a better home,
 Blest in the rich exchange, art gone,
 Where sorrow cannot come.

There in the tranquil realms of light
Thy spirit is in peace ;
And Faith and Hope, now merged in sight,
In full fruition cease.

The fadeless flowers of Paradise
For thee yield rich perfume,
And spread before thy wondering eyes
Their never-dying bloom.

Sickness and sorrow, want and woe,
No more can rack thy breast,
But joy and peace in endless flow
Thy happiness attest.

Not all that once was fair and bright
Can move thy steadfast eye,
Which with the eagle's quenchless sight
Dwells on Eternity.

How mean, how worthless in thine eyes
Do earthly things appear,
While seraph-myriads throng the skies
And GOD himself is near !

Thou art not dead, my precious one,
An endless life is thine;
To follow whither thou art gone
By Faith and Love be mine !

XLVI.

JE PENSE PLUS.

THOUGH tied my tongue and brief my speech,
Slow to converse nor apt to teach,
Bad at expounding, worse to preach,
I think the more.

Though backward found at repartee,
My mood constrained, nor gay, nor free,
Silent and grave 'mid jests and glee,
I think the more.

Though indisposed to speak my mind,
Little to argument inclined,
In range of general lore confined,
I think the more.

Though from religious prate I shrink,
Shun controversy as hell's brink,
Nor with wide ear fell scandal drink,
I think the more.

Though prone in silence to receive
What friends in glowing kindness give,
Nor with loud thanks my heart relieve,
I think the more.

XLVII.

ON HEARING A MUFFLED PEAL.

AS in the peal's melodious round
Woe yields with bliss a mingled sound,
So in life's tones mix joy and sorrow,
A glad to-day, a sad to-morrow.

1859.

XLVIII.

TO A NEW-MARRIED COUPLE.

HEAVEN'S prompting voice to man makes
known,
"It is not good to be alone :"
The *Head* another head would meet
In counsel sage, or converse sweet ;
The *Hand* would seek another hand
For thrilling clasp and pressure bland ;
And *Heart* to heart with transport high
Years to pour forth its sympathy.
In Hymen's bonds be yours the part,
Dear friends ! to bind *Head, Hand* and *Heart*,
Nor e'er to loose the sacred tie
In time or in eternity.

XLIX.

TO THE SINGLE LIVERS.

TO "wither on the virgin thorn" !
Shakespeare, what boldness thine
Thus to gainsay the witness borne
By utterance Divine !

Tho' blest, thrice blest the marriage bond,
And pure and chaste its tie,
Yet cannot wedlock's union fond
Rival virginity.

The wife to do her husband's will
With meek submission bound,
Consulting all his wishes, still
Pursues her homely round ;

To guide the house, — the young to rear,
Tables, adroit, to serve ;
'Mid scandal's rocks her course to steer,
Asks all her heed and nerve.

But she who owns a nobler plight,
The Spirit's sweet accord,
Strives with a higher, holier might
To please her heavenly LORD.

His poor her pitying service crave,
His untaught souls her care ;
The sick her ministrations have,
The whole her teaching share.

Go, then — abased, in humbler mood,
 Confess thy baffled skill,
 And own, though married life is good,
 Single is better still.

1862.

L.

EPITAPH.

*On a favourite Horse of Captain MACADAM of the
 North Somerset Yeomanry Cavalry, mortally in-
 jured in a mock charge at Wells, and buried, by
 permission of the Bishop of BATH and WELLS, in
 the Palace Garden.*

UNSCATHED thro' years of loving service past,
 Rest thee, good steed, beneath this sod at last,
 "Faithful to death." — Such well-earned eulogy
 Thy sorrowing master pours with tearful eye.
 To thee more ill war's mimic prelude wrought
 Than battle's fiercer game perchance had brought.
 No weapon felled thee in the doubtful strife —
 A brother-steed unconscious snapped thy life.
 What, though no trophy crowns thy destiny,
 Yet not unhonoured shall thine ashes lie ;
 GOD's equal mercies taught aright to scan,
 Of the same dust who formed both brute and man,
Eden, whose breast each generous impulse knows,
 Grants in his paradise thy last repose.

1856.

LI.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

"'Twas GOD the Word that spake it,
 He took the Bread and brake it,
 And what the Word did make it,
 That I believe and take it."

WHO'E'R thou art, whose thoughts would span
 What Angels seek in vain to scan,
 Here rest content in simple Faith,
 With cautious old Elizabeth ;
 Nor strive with over-curious eye
 To pierce this cloud-wrapt mystery :
 "'Tis high as Heaven ;— what canst thou do ?
 Deeper than Hell ;— what canst thou know ?" *
 Could'st " thou by searching find out GOD," †
 Then might thy pride usurp his nod ;
 For who by Reason's lamp could see
 To " fathom GOD, were more than He !" ‡
 Thy sight let lowly reverence veil ;
 Thy lips let sacred silence seal ;
 Let our first sire's example be
 A beacon's warning light to thee ;
 To meek obedience school thy soul :
 Thy mind's unhallowed thirst control ;
 Admire, adore, but oh ! beware
 How lust of knowledge enter there,
 Lest the first sinners' guilt thou share.
 Deem not that to thy ken alone,
 JEHOVAH'S secret things are shown.

* Job xi. 8. † Job xi. 7. ‡ Dryden's *Religio Laici*.

Nor vainly dream, o'er all that live,
Thou canst assert prerogative.
Rather to mighty minds of old,
Submit thy speculations bold,
Contented what they held, to hold ;
Nor think it scorn to own, their line
Was of a deeper reach than thine.
Let it not irk thee to admit
What Hooker taught, and Andrewes writ :
Be Pearson's solid lore thy test ;
On Beveridge's meek wisdom rest.

But chief, restrain that bigot rage,
Which burns polemic strife to wage ;
Where the Church pauses to decree,
And leaves her children's judgment free.
Let zeal ne'er tempt thee to define,
And mould another's Faith by thine :
Nor, self-deceiving and deceived,
Till for the truth a lie's believed,
Mistake, while passion surges high,
Intolerance for charity,
And urge with warfare to the death,
Whoe'er impugns thy Shibboleth.

LII.

A THOUGHT FROM THE ANCIENTS.

DEMOCRITUS and Heraclitus,
To Truth by their example light us :
The one, man's folly laughed to see ;
The other wept his misery.

To learn from heathens nothing loth,
 The Christian takes his cue from both ;
 From him a smile men's follies win,
 But his soul mourns o'er human sin.

1856.

LIII.

“*ΑΛΗΘΕΥΕΙΝ ΕΝ ΑΓΑΠΗ.*”

DOES evil time or evil tongue
 Threaten thine innocence with wrong ?
 Be this thy heav'n-forged panoply,
'Αληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

Does wrath thine adversary fire ?
 With truthful meekness quench his ire :
 'Tis oil upon the troubled sea
'Αληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

Does fear of man thy soul invade
 And scare thee with a shadow's shade ?
 From the base snare 'twill set thee free
'Αληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

Would courtesy with accents smooth
 Woo thee to yield the cause of Truth ?
 'Twill to thy weakness succour be
'Αληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

Would Friendship for indulgence plead
 By ways that make Religion bleed ?
 'Twill aid thee to reject the plea,
'Αληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

Or say, fell Controversy's rage
Poisons the tongue, corrupts the page —
What shall restore lost harmony?
Ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ.

Ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ —
Maxim of heav'n-born Charity!
What world-wide peace our eyes would see
Were but earth's myriads swayed by Thee!
1851.

LIV.

ΧΑΙΡΕ ΚΕΧΑΡΙΤΩΜΕΝΗ.

ALL hail! thou highly-favoured one,
To whom supremest grace was done
To be the Mother of GOD'S Son!
Χαῖρε κεχαριτωμένη.

What though we bend no suppliant knee,
Dishonouring Him by prayer to thee,
Yet blest thou art, and blest shall be,
Χαῖρε κεχαριτωμένη.

Such praise as GOD's unerring Word
Gives in meek piety's reward
Such praise to thee our lips accord,
Χαῖρε κεχαριτωμένη.

“Blest among women,” glorious meed,
 Blest in thy faith, blest in thy deed,
 Blest in the boon to thee decreed
 In time and in eternity,
 Χαῖρε κεχαριτωμένη.

1851.

LV.

*In memory of the late CHARLES EMPSON, of Bath,
 who died in London, June 25th, 1861,
 aged 66 years.*

AND art thou gone, whose sympathy
 Could sickness, want, and woe beguile,
 Could echo back the mourner's sigh,
 And pay the joyous smile for smile!

Whose liberal soul was ever bent
 To succour from its scanty store,
 And, when that scanty store was spent,
 Grieved but that it could give no more:

Whose converse winged the passing hours
 With unregarded speed away,
 While taste and fancy joined their powers
 To rule the mind with pleasing sway:

Whose heart, to Nature's instinct true,
 With each in unison still moved,
 And with an ardour ever new
 Her forms, her sounds, her colours loved.

Thee in soft showers her clouds shall weep,
Her streams with plaintive murmurs mourn,
O'er thee her sighs in breezes sweep,
Her flowery treasures deck thine urn.

Nor less shall sorrowing Art lament
That eye whose rare discernment sought
Truth in each form and lineament
Her pencil drew, her chisel wrought. —

Alas! that they who loved thee well
No requiem o'er thy hearse could say;
Nor, as the faltering accents fell,
Thy dust to kindred dust could lay.

But though remote thine ashes rest,
Affection still shall view thee near,
While tears that real grief attest
Hallow her EMPSON'S distant bier.

To memory's ear, to memory's eye,
Thy voice, thy form, shall present be;
Nor shall the fond delusion fly
Till we are laid to sleep with thee.

LVI.

HYMN

For the Inauguration of a Peal of Church Bells.

ALL hail! Creation's mighty LORD,
Whose power and skill untold,
In number, weight and measure, planned
This wond'rous frame of old.

In all Thy glorious acts displayed
Thy gracious Hand we 'spy,
And mark the traces they unfold
Of heavenly harmony.

But chief in Music's matchless powers
Thy marvels stand confest,
Whose mystic sway Thy works and Word
In unison attest.

When called by Thine almighty Voice
Earth into being came,
The morning stars for gladness sung,
Angels returned acclaim.

Time waned : and Egypt's reflux sea
With Miriam's timbrel rung ;
'Neath Salem's towers the minstrel king
His harp melodious strung.

When to Thy temple's awful shrine
Thy priest approached of old,
His entrance to the holy place
Was signed by bells of gold.

Thus we, as to Thy courts we press
With voice of praise and prayer,
Are by our peal's harmonious chime
Called to assemble there.

Oh! may the joyful sound our hearts
To prayer and praise incline,
While faith and life accordant move
In harmony divine.

LVII.

M. S.

A LIVING David bowed as one man's heart
The hearts of Israel by wise courtesy :
Our fare is like, yet diverse ; ALBERT, dead,
Bows down as one man's heart all Britain's hearts
With mourning for a loss remediless.
Mourn, Britain, mourn ! and let thy tears run down,
For thou hast cause. He whom thy heart laments,
Tho' but the child of thine adoption, was
Nearer to thee than many a home-born son.
True kin stands not in blood alone ; the tie
That links men's souls a subtler essence owns.

His heart was British, and for Britain's weal
Beat with a pulse deep, constant, full, and true.
No selfish interests, private ends, were his ;
For these he let the potsherds of the earth
Strive with earth's potsherds. E'en the honest toils
Of State he prudent shunned ; a nobler part
Was his : to improve life's uses by wise skill, —
By letters, arts, and manners to refine
A people rich by commerce, great in arms.
A Sovereign's chosen helpmate, 'twas his praise
Her joys to double and divide her cares ;
To rear a royal progeny, and form
The minds of future princes by his lore —
To teach them that a king's true glory lies
But in his subjects' weal, and all beside
Is but the scale's light dust, the bucket's drop.
ALBERT, farewell ! This garland on thy hearse
Sorrowing we lay ; yet cheered by certain hope
That not by Thine own merits, but thro' Him
Who died for thee and all, an endless lot
Of rest and peace, no thought can reach, is thine. —
Meantime, boon Nature's merciful relief
Of kindly tears discharged, again we turn
To Life's stern conflict, by thy memories braced
Like thee to stem the fight, and win the crown.

1861.

LATIN AND GREEK VERSES,
INSCRIPTIONS,
TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

I.

HYMNUS MATUTINUS.

(*Ken Episc.*)

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun," &c.

CUM sole vigil, anima,
Diurnum carpe spatium :
Excussis manè somniis,
Fer, læta, sacrificium.

Laus Tibi, qui per tenebras
Tutum servâsti numine :
Da morte ut evigilans
Æterno fruar lumine.

En ! rursum vota nuncupo ;
Ceu rorem sparge crimina ;
Refoti cordis spiritû
Custodi, bonus, flumina.

Consulta, dicta factaque
Tu, bone, regas hodie,
Ut vires nostræ perpetes
Divinæ cedant gloriæ.

Laudate, vos terricolæ,
JOVAM grates promeritum ;
Laudate, vos coëlicolæ,
Cum Patre, Natum, Spiritum.

II.

HYMNUS VESPERTINUS.

(Ken Episc.)

"Glory to Thee, my GOD, this night," &c.

HAC nocte laus Tibi, DEUS,
 Ob cuncta bona luminis :
 Rex regum, fac me protegas,
 Alarum sub umbraculis.

Con dona, JESU gratiâ,
 Quæ hodie commiserim,
 Ut erga Te, me, proximum,
 Pacificè sopitus sim.

Da vivere, ut timeam
 Non magis lecto tumultum ;
 Da mori, ut evigilans
 Ad laudis surgam cumulum.

In Te quiescat anima ;
 Signentur somno lumina,
 Me levem quò vegetior
 Culturum DEI numina.

Laudate, vos terricolæ,
 JOVAM grates promeritum ;
 Laudate, vos cœlicolæ,
 Cum Patre, Natum, Spiritum.

III.

HYMNUS IN NATIVITATE DOMINI.

“Hark, the herald angels sing.”

AUDIN’ angelos cantantes
Regem novum collaudantes
Gloriam ut nuper nato
Regi referant beato ;
“Pax in terris, frons placatus,
“DEUS sontibus pacatus.”
Lætæ gentes consurgatis
Cœli júbila reddatis,
Sit cum angelis clamatum,
“CHRISTUM Bethlehemî natum :”
Audin’ angelos, &c.

CHRISTUM cœlis adorandum,
CHRISTUM sæclis venerandum ;
Serum ecce venientem,
Ventre virginis latentem,
DEUM carnis tectum velo,
DEUM genitum de cœlo ;
Dum cum homine versatur
Ut Immanuel lætatur !
Audin’ angelos, &c.

Principi sit honor Pacis ;
Honor soli sanctitatis :
Cunctis vitam fert et lumen
Ortum salutare numen.

Mitis, decus aversatur,
Natus, mors ut destruat, —
Natus, ut tellure satos
DEO præbeat renatos.

Audin' angelos, &c.

IV.

HYMNUS IN PASSIONE DOMINI.

ECCE, fato functus pulchro
Jacet CHRISTUS in sepulchro,
Qui dum nobis consulebat,
Mortis victima fiebat.
Nece condolentes illâ
Crinem spargimus favillâ ;
Membra sacco vestientes,
Fame carnem proterentes,
Fletus largos effundentes,
Dicimus lugentes verè,
JESU, nostrî miserere,
Miserere peccatorum
Turpium, peccata quorum

Dum Te Cruci suffixerunt,
Morte dirâ mulctaverunt.
Fac ut manus dum levamus,
Dumque preces nuncupamus,
Pœnitentiam agamus ;
Tuâ sani ut medelâ,
Tuâ salvi ut tutelâ,

Nostris meritis diffisi,
Tuis meritis confisi,
Potiamur Paradisi.

v.

HYMNUS IN RESURRECTIONE
DOMINI.

CHRISTUS hodiè resurrexit,
(Festa semper dies hæc sit)
Qui in Crucem sublevatus
Est pro nobis morti datus.
Alleluia.

Hymnos ergò lætâ voce
Regi CHRISTO quisque pro se
Fundat, a quo, morte latâ,
Salus reis est parata.
Alleluia.

Pœna, nempè, quam ferebat,
Scelus nostrum eluebat :
Nunc in sedibus cœlorum
Regnat inter angelorum
Alleluia.

Euchol. Eccl. Angl.

VI.

“My GOD, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?”

MENSAM struxistin', mî DEUS,
Stillatque amore poculum?
Huc confluentes liberi
Tuam gustent dulcedinem.

Salve, sanctum convivium,
JESU carnis et sanguinis!
Ter felix qui participat
Cibum potumque cœlitum.

Cur frustrâ sunt deliciæ
Duris oblatae cordibus?
Pro vobis cæsa est victima:
Num panis est prohibitus?

Hæc mensa veneranda sit,
Et plena convivantibus;
Salusque cunctis accidat,
Qui gustant ejus pignora.

Turbæ frequentes adeant
Parato rite pectore,
Nec mensâ decedentibus
Fructus cesset aut gaudium.

Cætus languentes refice
Tuo, JEHOVA, spiritû,
Da viris solo quæ fluunt
E crucifixi sanguine.

Euchol. Liturg. Angl.

VII.

HYMNUS AD JUVENTUTEM CHRISTIANAM
HORTATIVUS.

SIGNUM Crucis
Fontem lucis
Suscepisti parvulus,
Deinde palmâ
Donis almâ
Præsulis impositâ,
Carnis esu
Sâncti JESU
Profecisti gratiâ.
Quare age,
Eo magè
DEO vota nuncupa,
Et labora,
Ut in horâ
Agonali superes.
Satan furit,
Caro urit,
Rete tendit sæculum :
Ensem rape,
Scutum cape,
Galeatus vigila ;

DEO fisus,
 Et innisus,
 Referes victoriam.
 Inde cunctis
 Ritè functis
 Partibus militiæ,
 Te levabit,
 Ac beabit
 Sempiterna requies.
 Sit majestas,
 Et potestas,
 Honor, decus, Gloria,
 In futurum
 Permansurum
 Patri, Nato, Flamini.

VIII.

THE RUSH-BEARING HYMN
 AT GRASMERE.*

OUR Fathers to the House of GOD,
 As yet a building rude,
 Bore offerings from the flowery sod,
 And fragrant rushes strewed.

* Written by *Owen Lloyd*, an old schoolfellow and friend of Hartley Coleridge, and whom the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, in his interesting memoir of his brother, thus commemorates: "Owen, third son of Mr. Charles Lloyd, on whom a portion of his father's tender spirit and refined intelligence had descended, was curate of Langdale, having returned to the haunts of his boyhood to be for awhile an example of the gentlest piety,—and to die."

May we their children ne'er forget
The pious lessons given,
But honour still, together met,
The LORD of earth and heaven.

Sing we the good CREATOR's praise,
Who sends us sun and showers
To cheer our hearts with fruitful days
And deck our world with flowers.

These, of the great REDEEMER's grace
Bright emblems, here are seen !
He makes to smile the desert place
With flowers and rushes green.

[Idem Latine redditum.]

IN JUNCORUM PORTATIONE
GRASMERIANA.

AD DEI Domum proavi,
Rude tunc Ædificium,
Juncos portabant virides,
De vivo dona cespite :

Nos piis orti Patribus,
Exempli semper memores,
Cœtû colamus socio
Terræ cœlique Dominum.

In Creatoris laudibus
Simus cum sole pluvias
Qui dat, fœcundans jugera
Camposque gemmis decorans.

Hæc Redemptoris gratiæ
 Lucent in terris symbola,
 Corda qui rigat arida
 Fotrici rore spiritûs.

IX.

O world, see thy Creator
 Extended like a traitor
 Upon the Cross's tree!
 Behold Him while expiring
 And for mankind acquiring
 Life, grace and liberty.

Sir H. Wotton.

[*Idem Latine.*]

MUNDE, specta Creatorem,
 Crucis, velut traditorem,
 Super ligno pendulum!
 Ecce spiritum edentem,
 Et pro nobis acquirentem,
 Vitam gratiâ fruëntem
 Statum pœnâ liberum.

X.

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken."

DE te magna prædicantur,
 Zion, DEI civitas,
 Cujus verba non mutantur,
 Sedes Hic te dat suas.

Fixa in Rupe sæculorum
Quo turbante metuas?
Cincta mœnibus salutis
Hostes licet rideas.

Ecce! fluminum vivorum
Fontes, edit quos amor,
Fauces recreant tuorum,
Sitis angat ne timor.

Quis languescat talis rivi
Renovatus flumine,
Cujus aquæ, velut bona,
Profluunt a numine.

XI.

PSALM CXIX. 9-12.

Q UO pacto viam juvenis
Præstabit illibatam?
Si vitam servet integram
Tibique subjugatam.

Enixis oro precibus;
Opem noli negare;
Pedes a tuis semitis
Ne sinas aberrare.

In corde tutò positus
Sermo tuus servatur,
Opem daturus quando mî
Malum suborietur.

Hoc præmunitus animus
 Fausta de te loquetur,
 O doce leges ut Tuas
 Vita nostra sectetur.

XII.

AD T. H. S.

DELICIÆ matris, patris pia cura, puellæ,
 Cætibus angelicis consociande, vale!
 Absit ut ad superos abeuntem, care, moremur;
 Quanquam oh!—felicem sed gemuisse nefas.
 Præteriti oblitis spe sit capere ante futurum,
 Et tecum cœlo tempus in omne frui!

XIII.

“—— quod petis hic est,
 Est Ulubris, animus si non te deficit æquus.”
Hor.

FOOLS! who, beguiled by wayward Fancy's freak,
 The Truth at Rome or at Geneva seek!
 No rare exotic is the plant you crave,
 Deep are its roots, and every climate brave.
 Vigorous alike its fruit-clad branches rise
 Within the tropics, or 'neath arctic skies.
 Stay, then, your bootless search, nor vainly roam
 For that which courts your eager grasp *at home*.

[*Ejusdem Argumenti.*]

SISTE pedem, frustra quicunque hùc curris et illuc,
 Salvificam reperire fidem per devia quærens ;
 Quo te cunque loco statuit mens provida Jovæ
 Contentus maneas, sedem nec vertere cures ;
 Quod petis est intus " ne te quæsiveris extra."

XIV.

STONEHENGE.

SEE rocks Cyclopean, as by giant's hands
 In a rude temple's form disposed. Amid
 These masses, by Heaven's bounties compassed round,
 Our sires in superstition's gloom immersed,
 Grim idols, terror's offspring, with the blood
 Of human victims and with rights impure,
 Adored. — Such ills would false religion breed !
 Those shades are fled. The Sun of Righteousness
 Risen on the earth, with healing in His wings,
 Hath chased the darkness, and with Gospel light
 Illumined all the land. Lit by its rays
 May we, the progeny of pagan sires,
 Whilst Fancy waving her mysterious wand
 Evokes these long-past shadows, with glad hearts
 And pious breathings, gratefully enjoy
 Our "sober certainty of waking bliss."

[*Idem Latine redditum.*]

SAXA vides Cyclopea
 Giganteis quasi manibus
 In templi speciem disposita.
 Has inter moles

DEI benefici muneribus circum undique septi,
 Majores nostri,
 Superstitionis mersi caligine,
 Impiis cruentisque ritibus
 Numinum terricula piabant.
 Tantum malorum
 Religio prava suadere poterat !
 Diffugere hæ tenebræ,
 Justitiæ sole salutaribus radiis exorto :
 Affulsit lux EVANGELII,
 Cujus illustrati lumine,
 Præteriti temporis umbras evanidas,
 Gratis animis, piis suspiriis,
 Posterius contemplemur.

XV.

GEORGIUS · HERBERT
 Antiquâ · et · illustri · stirpe
 Oriundus
 Generis · nobilitatem
 Ingenio · pietate
 Morum · denique · urbanitate
 Cumulavit.
 In · Sacrum · ordinem · cooptatus
 Sacerdotis · rustici
 Ideam · omnibus · numeris · expletam
 Oratione · tam · soluta
 Quam · adstricta
 Symmistis · suis
 Luculenter · tradidit
 Exemplo · proprio

Æqualibus · suis
Scriptis · luculentis
Ætati · posteræ
Tradidit.

XVI.

HENRICUS · WOTTON
Juventute · optimis · literis · insumpta
Adultam · ætatem
Legationibus · peregre · obeundis
Deditit
Quibus · non · minus · integre
Quam · perite · defunctus
Principum
Tam · sui · quam · exterorum
Gratium · laudem · que
Meruit.
Ætate · provectior
Veluti · in · portum · ex · aperto · mari
Receptus
Sacris · minoribus · initiatus
Vitam · negotiosam
Otioso · et · literato · senio
Cumulavit
Seipso · teste · “ tandem · edoctus
Animas · sapientiores · fieri
Quiescendo.”

XVII.

M. S.

ADELEDÆ

Reginæ · de · Angliæ · Dotariæ
 Quum · CHRISTI · solius · meritis · fretam
 Vita · inter · aulici · convictus · illecebras
 piè · demissè · beneficè
 Exacta
 Ad · mortem
 Spe · plenam · metu · vacuam
 Transmisit
 Cui
 Terrenæ · mercedis · loco · concessum
 Ut · durante · ægritudine · diuturnâ
 Brachia · sempiterna
 Sibi · substrata · nunquam · non · sentiret
 In · ipsâ · mortis · agoniâ
 Patris · amorem
 Filii · gratiam · Sp · S · consortium
 Suavissimo · sensu
 Experiretur.

XVIII.

AD ROBERTUM PEEL. EQU. AUR.

*Virum ingenio rebus maximis pari,
minimarum capaci.*

NATURAM rerum percurris pectore, et idem
Exiguo captu quæque minuta legis.
Sic Elephas jungens diversa, proboscide truncum
Arboreum sternit, stramina carpit humo.
Quæ quoties speculor, mirari suppetit, unde
Esse potes tantus, tantulus atque simul.

XIX.

FLORENTIA · NIGHTINGALE

Cvm · pii · officii · sociis
Feminarvm · exemplo
Domino · JESV · in · terris · agenti
Ministrantivm
Corporis · ejvs · membris
Ægritvdine · vvlneribvsqve · e · militia
Laborantibvs
Operam · nocte · dieqve · teneram · et · indefessam
Navabant
Nec · vitæ · commoda · nec · vitam
Adeo · ipsam
Sibi · dvcentes · pretiosam
Dvmodo · ministerivm · in · Domino
Non · alivnde · injvntvm
Sed · sponte · sva · svsvptvm
Adimplerent

Havete

Animæ · piæ · strenvæ · beneficæ
Deliciis · æque · ac · dvritie · majores

Lectissima · S. S. · domicilia

Vt · jvvat · in · vobis

Vitæ · angelicæ · speciem
Ocvlis · nostris · obversantem

Intveri

Faxit · DEVS

Vt · fiant · nostrates · vestrî

Sicvt · vos · CHRISTI

Consectatrices

Adfvit · in · terris · præsens · tibi · CHRISTE · levamen

Sexvs · feminevs · svppetiasque · tvlit

Fvngitvr · officio · nec · adhvc · pia · dona · recvsat

Dvm · levat · avxilio · perpete · CHRISTE · tvos.

XX.

THOMAS · SYDENHAM

Medicæ · artis · apud · Anglos

Planè · Coryphæus

Ingenii · vires · acerrimas

Medicinæ · studio · totus · addixit

Morborum · *πρόγνωσει*

E · longinquo · sagax

διάγνωσει

Certus · exactus

Scientiam · non · ex · aliorum · documentis

Sed · experimentis · suis

Quantum · in · se · fuit

Cauté · institutis · accuraté · perpensis
Feliciter · hausit
Eo · nomine
Summis · præconiis · decorandus
Quod · absterso · medicinæ · opprobrio
Semper · profiteretur
Se · in · humano · corpori · medendo
Circa · DEI · opt. · max.
Opificium · versari
Et · medelæ · suæ
Supremo · Judici
Rationem · esse · redditurum.

XXI.

BEATÆ · MEMORIÆ
Septem · Apostolici · ordinis
Confessorum
Qui · grassante · tyrannide
Libertate · bonisque · suis
Discrimini · commissis
Regis · lymphati · mandatis
Contra · leges · regni · editis
Patiendo · fortiter · nec · minus · feliciter
Restiterunt
Unde
Judicum · suffragiis
Plaudente · universo · populo
Seditionis · crimine
Soluti
Libertati · tam · ecclesiasticæ · quam civili
Firmamento extitere.

XXII.

BALNEIS BATHONIENSIBUS
ADSCRIBENDUM.

HIC LOCI

Perpetuo · naturæ · miraculo

Aquæ · calentes

In · ægrorum · subsidium

Prorumpunt —

Harum · ope

Quicumque · aut · lavando · aut · potando

Convalueris

Naturæ · beneficium · Auctorem

Ut · ubique · ita · hic · præcipuè

Mirabilem

Fusis · precibus · gratiis · actis

Stipe · in · egenos · sparsâ

Venerare.

XXIII.

SUOVETAURILIA BATHONIENSIA.

V. ID. JUN. M.DCCC.LIV.

QUID sihi vult Arcus, præclari insigne Triumphi,
 Vexilla in mediis pendula quidve viis?
 Quid festos edens hilaris campana sonores,
 Frondibus et lætis quæque decora domus?
 Utrùm has ALBERTUS dignatur visere sedes,
 Russicus an vinclis ducitur ἀντοκράτωρ?

Neutrum horum. Huc veniunt immani corpore Tauri,
 Prægrandesque Sues, quas gravis angit adeps.
 Adjice Gallinas malè longis cruribus, et quæ,
 Centu rauco nil nisi triste sonant.
 Denique concursu hîc magno genus omne animantûm,
 Quod balat, mugit, grunnit, et hinnit, adest ;
 Pinguior ipse suis porcis dum sufflat agrestis,
 Atque boves proprios rusticitate refert. —
 Hinc arcus, frondes, vexilla undantia vento ;
 Hinc campana frequens pulsa, repulsa sonat.
 Nempè furor vecors de sanâ mente triumphat,
 De gravibus nugæ, de sapiente rudis.

XXIV.

VITTINTONUS.

AUDIN' ? — an sunt aures vanæ, —
 Londinenses ut campanæ
 Lætum ter crepantes sonum
 Consalutent VITTINTONUM ?
 Redi, redi, VITTINTONE,
 Probe, fortis, gnave, bone,
 Te futurum ter Prætorem,
 Facimus te certiore ! —

Tempus abit cuncta solvens,
 In se sæcula revolvens,
 Addens rugas senectuti
 Demens nugas juventuti. —

Ecce tandem VITTINTONUM
 Probum, fortem, gnavum, bonum,
 Dite conjuge beatum,
 Pulchrâ prole cumulatum, }
 Fidâ fele comitatum :
 Ut incedens purpuratus,
 Torque aureo dignatus
 Inter cives spatiatur,
 Et pro rege honoratur !
 Ut sedens pro tribunali
 Jura manu dat æquali,
 Bonis præmia rependens,
 Malis scuticam intendens !
 Quale juvenum exemplum
 Sacrum introgressus Templum,
 Genu reverentèr flexo,
 Humi lumine devexo,
 Cœlo manibus sublati,
 Piè precibus prolatis !
 Quale cunctis documentum,
 Vitans omne nocumentum,
 Largus benefaciendi,
 Gratiasque conferendi,
 Facilem se cunctis præbens,
 Nulli nisi amorem debens !
 Euge, maxime magnorum,
 VITTINTONE, mercatorum,
 VITTINTONE, flos Prætorum,
 Euge, — præstantissimorum !

XXV.

LUCRI BONUS ODOR E RE QUALIBET.

FRAGRANTES pandit quot opes vicina Taberna!
Qualis ab innumeris mercibus halat odor!
Hinc patulas stringit nares gravis aura Tabaci!
Illinc exhilarant flamina blanda Theæ.
Spirat ibi quicquid dives Panchæia mittit;
Indiaque, hinc redolet, si quod aroma parit.
Thura, resina, piper, sal, mel, fel, gluten, acetum;
Quæ sensus hebetes tangere cunque valent:
Viribus hæc junctis faciunt, mixtoque sapore,
Quare agitet stomachum nausea dira gravem.
Ast hinc divitiæ: — fluit hinc onerosa metalli
Copia, quâ loculi plenius ære tument.
Pone igitur nimium culti fastigia nasi:
Quæ lucrum pariunt, omnia suave olent.

XXVI.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

ACCEPTUM retulit cui blanda Rubecula lethum?
Passer ait "calamis arcubus atque meis,"
Quis vidit longo signantem lumina somno?
"Exiguis oculis, en ego" musca refert.

Excepit quisnam calidum de vulnere flumen ?
 Pisciculus contrà, "nostra patella capit."
 Quis manibus scitis defunctæ fecit amictum ?
 Inquit "acû et filo" cantharis "ipsa meo."
 Effodiet quisnam terrâ lugubre sepulchrum ?
 Responsavit "ego" Bubo "ligone meo."
 Campanæ pulsû Manes quæ dextra ciebit ?
 Bos ait "hic nostris viribus aptus honos."
 Planxêrunt volucrum quicquid nemora avia lustrat.
 Audita est comitis mors ut amara sui.

XXVII.

I WISH I WAS A BREWER'S HORSE,
 ETC.

COCTORIS mannus mihi si contingeret esse
 Tristitia haud mentem tangeret ulla meam
 Quâ fuerat podex, nimirum, vertice flexo,
 Ebiberem zythi quicquid in axe feret !

XXVIII.

BY THE SIDE OF A MURMURING
 STREAM.

BY the side of a murmuring stream
 An elderly gentleman sat ;
 On the top of his head was his wig
 And a' top of his wig was his hat, &c.

[*Idem Latine redditum.*]

FLUMINIS ad ripam resonantis murmure blando
 Consedit recreans languida membra senex ;
 Cui caput adscito velabant tegmine crines
 Crinibus impositus cuique galerus erat.
 Surgentes rapido stupuerunt agmine venti,
 Unde fuit sævis præda galerus aquis :
 Quem baculo explorans certat dum tollere, crinis
 Non suus in latices, hei mihi ! lapsus abit.
 Ter duplici ingemuit tactus præcordia damno ;
 Prendere ter cupidâ tendit utrumque manû,
 Spe tandem elusus baculum superinjicit undis,
 Cum pileo, adscitis quod natet atque comis.

XXIX.

HERMIT HOAR, IN SOLEMN CELL.

“ **H**ERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,
 Wearing out life's evening gray :
 Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
 What is bliss ? and which the way ?

Thus I spoke ; and speaking sighed ;
 Scarce repressed the starting tear ;
 When smiling sage replied —
 — “ Come, my lad, and drink some beer.”

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

[*Idem Latine redditum.*]

“SENEX, incola deserti
Densis vepribus conserti,
Qui sub antro degens tristi
Vitam pene confecisti,
Ritè pectore pulsato,
Hanc in aurem susurrato,
Quodam iter sit carpendum
Ad feliciter vivendum.”

Sic singultibus cum spissis,
Penè lacrymis emissis,
Ejulatû vix represso,
Ad responsum hunc lacezzo ;
Quum subridens eremita
Vetelus, reponit ita :
Tempus fugit — nos quid stamus ?
Age, juvenis — bibamus.

XXX.

THE NIGHT CAME ON A HURRICANE.

THE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline :
A strong sou'-wester's blowing, Bill ;
Oh ! don't ye hear it roar now ?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now.

Foolhardy chaps what lives in towns,
 What dangers they are all in,
 And now they're quaking in their beds
 For fear the roof should fall in.
 Poor creatures, how they envies us,
 And wishes, I've a notion,
 For our good luck in sich a storm
 To be upon the ocean.

Then as to them kep' out all day
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are steering home
 To cheer their babes and spouses ;
 While you and I upon the deck
 Are comfortably lying,
 My eyes ! what tiles and chimbley-pots
 About their heads are flying !

And often have we seamen heard
 How men are kill'd and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves, and fires in London ;
 We've heard what risks all landsmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors,
 So, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors.

[*Idem Græce redditum.*]

Παρίοντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
 οὐτ' ἀνέμων φθόγγον. — *Simonides.*

Νυκτὸς ἔπνει ποτ' ἄνεμος,
 Τὴν γῆν τε κύμ' ἤρειπε,

Βουντλίνος ὁπότε, πτύσας,
 Βωλῖνον προσέειπε :
 Βωλῖνε, Διψ' ἐπέβγεται·
 Οὐκ αἰσθάνη βρύχοντος ;
 Παπαῖ. μ' οἰκτιρμὸς ὥς ἔχει
 Τοῦ ἐπὶ γῆς μένοντος·

Ῥηφοκινδύνους ἀστικούς
 Ὡς πιέζει μέλημα :
 Ἔσθ' οἱ φρίσσουσ' ἐν στρώμασι
 Τοῦ μελάβρου πέσημα.
 Δύστηνοι. ἡμῖν ὥς φθονοῦσ',
 Ἐμοὶ δοκοῦν, θέλοντες
 Τοιᾶδε νυκτὶ σὺν ἡμῖν
 Εἶναι διατρίβοντες·

Ὅσοι δὲ πᾶσαν ἡμέραν
 Δόμων ἀποδημοῦντες,
 Νέονται νυκτὸς οἴκαδε
 Τοὺς ἔνδον φαιδρυνῶντες,
 Ἡμεῖς ἀκηδεῖς ὁπότε
 Κείμεσθ' ἐν ἱκρίοισιν,
 Αὐτῶν πόσον κεραμίδων
 Απειλεῖ κρανίοισιν·

Καὶ πολλάκις ἠκούσαμεν
 Ὅπόσους ἐν Λονδίῳ
 Ἀμαξῶν ῥήγματ', ἐμπρήσεις,
 Λησταί τ' ἔθεντ' ἐν δεινῷ.
 Εὖ εἰδότες ξηροβάταις.
 Πόσ' ἐστι πᾶσι δεινὰ,
 Γενώμεθ' οὖν εὐχάριτες,
 Οἷς κυρεῖ Ναῦταις εἶναι.

XXXI.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

“ON parent’s knee, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou lay’st while all around thee
smiled :
So live, that sinking into death’s long sleep,
Calm thou may’st smile, while all around thee weep.”
Sir W. Jones.

[*Idem Latine redditum.*]

EDITUS in lucem, matris resupinus in ulnis,
Blanditias inter flēsti, risusque tuorum :
Sic vive, ut longo, clausurus lumina somno,
Inter amicorum lacrymas, sis fronte sereno.

XXXII.

BIBLIIS S.S. INSCRIPTUM.

PERLEGIS? an mundi curæ nugæque repugnant?
Perlege ; — divinâ sunt ea scripta manu :
Perlege ; — solamen vitæ, requiesque laborum
Sunt ea, pax animæ, pharmaca certa mali :
Perlege ; — sed videas quâ mente animoque legatur,
Nam benè ceu prosunt, sic malè lecta nocent :
Perlege ; — sed precibus priùs ad cælestia fuis
Limina, ut adspiret, præveniatque DEUS.

XXXIII.

AD LIBRUM PRECUM COMMUNIUM.

QUI fueras Patrum decus et tutela meorum,
 Lætitiæ pariter, tristitiæque comes, —
 Qui mihi jam puero suasor monitorque fuisti,
 Nec juvenem rectâ passus abire viâ, —
 Solamen fias idem columenque senectæ,
 Quo duce postremum carpere fas sit iter :
 Te versem studio vivus validusque diurno :
 “Te teneam moriens deficiente manu ;”
 Supremis madeat lacrymis tua pagina nostris ;
 Oscula sint chartis ultima juncta tuis.

XXXIV.

AD ARCHÆOLOGOS BATHONIAM

PERSCRUTANDI CAUSA VISENTES MENSE JULIO,

A.D. M.DCCC.LVIII.

Ἄεταοι πηγαὶ πρὸς ἀπόλαυσιν καὶ ὑγίειαν δημιουργηθεῖσαι δίχα
 ἐλλείψεως παρέχονται τοὺς πρὸς ζωῆς ἀνθρώποις μαζοὺς.

D. Clement, ad Cor. c. xx.

QUEIS cura eruere est prisci vestigia sæcli,
 Ad SOLIS vires flectite mentis AQUAS.
 Præteritis Præsens hinc miro fœdere jungit
 Omnipotens rerum munificusque Sator :
 Quippe incomperto latices fervore calentes
 Tempore ab antiquo tabida membra levant.
 Roma salutiferis usa est his fontibus olim ;
 His modò se gaudens Anglia tingit aquis.

XXXV.

“EVEN as a nurse, whose child’s imperfect pace
 Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
 Leaves her caressing, sets him down to go,
 Nor does uphold him for a step or two ;
 But when she finds that he begins to fall,
 She holds him up and kisses him withal ;
 So GOD from man sometimes withdraws His hand
 Awhile, — to teach his infant Faith to stand :
 But when he sees his feeble strength begin
 To fail, — He gently takes him up again.”

Quarles.

[*Idem Latine redditum.*]

SEDULA cui nutrix, trepidi cui passus alumni
 Vix queat hinc lapsos, inde movere pedes,
 Abstinet amplexu, fidis deponit ab ulnis,
 Tentare incertos cauta sinitque gradus ;
 Ast ubi conspexit vires titubare recentes,
 Corripit, et labris oscula blanda premit ; —
 Subtraxisse manus homini sic Numen amicum
 Suevit, ut adsoleat stare tenella Fides ; —
 Defectura videt sed quando robora, blandus
 Suscipit, auxiliis et fovet usque novis.

XXXVI.

ἈΛΜΑ.

Ἀλμα, ποδωκείην τ' ἴδες ἀνδρῶν, ἈΛΜΑ, βορείων,
 Ἀλμ' ὅπ' οὐκ Ἀγκλῶν, καὶ Γαλατῶν ἔμενον
 Ὅσσ' ἐδάης, μὴ σαῖς κρίψεης φρεσὶν, ἀλλὰ διδάξης
 Γείτονα σὴν τοιόνδ' ἄλμα, ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΠΟΛΙΝ.

XXVI.

"ROCK OF AGES," ETC.

SÆCULORUM pro me fissa
Rupes, fac tegas commissa :
Lympha sanguine permista
Plagâ profluens ab istâ,
Dupla cordis sit medela,
Culpæ lytrum et tutela.

Nullum opus operatum
Legis perficit mandatum :
Zelus semper si ferveret,
Oculus si semper fleret,
Vana vis piacularis,
Sola tu es salutaris.

Nihilum in manu fero ;
Unicâ in Cruce spero ;
Nudus flagito velamen ;
Lassus gratiæ juvamen ;
Peto latices impurus,
Nisi per Te moriturus.

Auram spiro dum vitalem,
Visum claudam qum mortalem
Plagam vectus in recentem,
Quando Justum et Clementem
Visam Judicem sedentem,
Sæculorum pro me fissa
Rupes, fac tegas commissa.

PROSE ESSAYS.

RICHARD GRAVES OF CLAVERTON.

[Read before the Bath Literary Club, Dec. 12th, 1857.]

THERE are few of the residents in Bath, or its occasional visitors, who are unacquainted with the romantic village of Claverton. Situated in a spacious valley, diversified by all the accompaniments of wood, water, and graceful undulations of ground, its little church with its ivy-mantled tower nestling among trees at the foot of a grassy slope, its manor house crowning the hill above, and its elegant and commodious rectory occupying a site near the church below, while the whole overlooks the varied and tasteful domain of Warleigh rising from the opposite bank of the Avon,—it presents a combination of picturesque features rarely centreing in one locality. Many of us recollect the old rectory standing on the same site as the present, but of a far humbler character, a long low building, beneath the level of the road, possessing nevertheless an air of comfort and respectability suited to its appropriation. This old house was for more than fifty years the residence of the Rev. RICHARD GRAVES, rector of Claverton.

I have been favoured by Henry Duncan Skrine, esq. of Warleigh, with the following extract from his grandfather's interesting work on the *Rivers of England*: "About midway in this ascent, overlooking Warleigh and the river, the pleasing village of Claverton seems to hang suspended, where its large gothic mansion

(renowned in the civil wars) and its little church, with the pyramidal tomb of the late much esteemed Mr. Allen, are striking objects. Neither is its parsonage less pleasing, the little grounds of which are laid out in a truly classic taste by the Rev. Mr. Graves, the friend and literary rival of Shenstone, and where that worthy veteran closes the placid evening of his days in the retirement he has so happily embellished, deservedly beloved and respected."

Mr. Skrine adds: "The author of the above description was a private pupil of Mr. Graves, who prepared him for Winchester, and was on the most friendly terms with the Skrine family, to whom he addressed several pieces of poetry."

Mr. Graves having for the whole or greater part of the above-named period, besides his claims upon general literature, occupied a foremost rank in the literary circles of Bath, seems to deserve a special niche amongst the worthies of our city. I have accordingly endeavoured in this brief sketch to give the outline of his life, accompanied with such notices of his works, as I thought might interest my present hearers. In doing this I lay little claim to originality, the chief merit of my essay, if it has any, lying in its having collected into a focus the scattered rays of information emanating from a variety of sources. These sources, numerous as they are, it would be tedious to particularise, though some of the chief will be mentioned as I proceed.

Richard Graves was the second son of Richard Graves esq. of Mickleton, near Campden, in Gloucestershire. The family of Graves of Mickleton are a younger branch of that of Greaves, of Greaves and Bealey, near Bakewell, in Derbyshire. A member of

that family settled very early in Yorkshire, and from him descended the Mickleton branch and that of lord Graves. It was in allusion to his northern origin that Mr. Graves adopted in most of his works the fictitious name of Peter of Pomfret. These branches have improperly altered the spelling of the name, which is Greaves, not Graves, and has always been so spelt by the Derbyshire family for at least three hundred years. This is proved by a pedigree certified by the Herald's college, now in the hands of Mr. Charles Springall Greaves, Q.C., who kindly supplied me with this information. Of the original stock were John Greaves of Balliol college, Oxford, professor of geometry at Gresham college, and afterwards Savilian professor of the same science at Oxford, who travelled in the east, and wrote on the Pyramids and on the Roman foot; and his brother sir Edward Greaves, who was physician to Charles I.

Richard Graves the elder was born in 1677, and died in 1729. Hearne, the antiquary, in his interesting diary recently published by the late lamented Dr. Bliss of Oxford, says of him: "He was one of the most worthy and most virtuous gentlemen I was acquainted with. He was also a most excellent scholar and antiquary, a man of great modesty, and of a most sweet temper; a great friend to his tenants and to the poor, so that all people are very sorry for his death. He was very studious, and made great collections, and was upon a work he designed to have published, relating to the antiquities of Evesham [in which neighbourhood he possessed property] and some other abbeys." There is an elegant Latin inscription to his memory in Mickleton church, written by his friend James West, P.R.S.

Richard, the son, the subject of this memoir, was born at Mickleton in or about the year 1714. He was educated partly at home under the Rev. Mr. Smith, curate of Mickleton (with whom he read *Hesiod* and *Homer* at twelve years old), and partly at Abingdon school, then in good repute as a place of education, whence at the age of sixteen (being then, to use his own words, "a pretty good Grecian"), he was elected scholar of Pembroke college, Oxford. Soon after going into residence he joined a party of young men who met in the evening to read Epictetus, Theophrastus, and other Greek authors seldom included in the university course; their only beverage (then a solecism at Oxford) being water. A short time after this he became the associate of Shenstone, Whistler, and Jago. This party, less abstemious, though not less devoted to intellectual cultivation, "supped Florence wine and read poetry, plays, Spectators, Tatlers, and other writings of easy digestion." His intimacy with Shenstone, which continued to the death of the latter in 1763, was maintained by frequent interchange of letters, many of which have been published. There does not appear to have been a perfect coincidence between them in matters of taste, but in general there was a congeniality and a harmony of opinion resulting in a friendship which added considerably to the happiness of both. In 1736 he was elected fellow of All Souls, where he became intimate with sir William Blackstone, then fellow of the same college, of whom he has recorded some interesting anecdotes in a little posthumous work called *The Trifler*. With the great jurist Mr. Graves lived in habits of the most unreserved intercourse, and their college friendship continued uninterrupted and undiminished to the latest hour of sir William's life.

Instead of pursuing the study of divinity according to his original design, he now turned his attention towards medicine, and attended in London two courses of anatomy under Dr. Nichols. A severe illness however, which incapacitated him for pursuing so laborious a profession, induced him to resume his divinity studies; and in 1740, after taking his master's degree, he entered into holy orders. About the same time he accompanied Mr. Fitz-Herbert, father of the first lord St. Helen's, with whom his elder brother had been acquainted at the Temple, to the estate of that gentleman at Tissington, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, as family chaplain; where he besides performed the clerical duties of the parish, a small donative in the gift of the Fitz-Herbert family. In this elegant retirement he enjoyed for three years the pleasures and advantages of refined society, including among others the distinguished names of Charles Pratt, afterwards lord Camden, sir Eardley Wilmot, Nicholas Hardinge, clerk of the house of commons, &c. &c. In his *Spiritual Quixote* (to be more particularly mentioned by and by) he has characterised Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Herbert and Dr. Johnson's friend Miss Boothby, under the names of sir William and lady Forrester, and Miss Sainthill. His reference to their characters is generally respectful. The localities of Tissington are also very accurately described.

At the end of the above period he set off to make a tour in the north; and while at Scarboro' accidentally met with a distant relative, Dr. Samuel Knight, arch-deacon of Berks, and author of the *Lives of Colet and Erasmus*, by whose recommendation he obtained a curacy (probably Aldworth), near Reading. This location was particularly gratifying to Mr. Graves, who

was then coming by rotation into office in his college, and had been for some time desirous of an engagement within an easy distance of Oxford. He immediately took possession of the curacy; but as the parsonage house was out of repair, engaged a lodging with a Mr. Bartholomew, a gentleman farmer at Aldworth, whose family had been tenant-farmers there for nearly three hundred years. The attractions of the farmer's youngest daughter, Lucy, then about eighteen, made so deep an impression on Mr. Graves that he gave up his fellowship and married her. A fellowship of All Souls is so desirable a thing, and Mr. Graves was so far from having any thought of marrying, that, it is said, he had a-very few years before declined an introduction, with matrimonial views, to a young lady whose portion was a good living. Such however are the feats of that capricious archer who is so significantly represented as launching his inevitable arrows with bandaged eyes. This important event in his life is well brought in as an episode in the second volume of the *Spiritual Quixote*, in the adventures of a character named Rivers. The personal qualifications of Mrs. Graves seem to have justified his choice, for Shenstone's intelligent correspondent, lady Luxborough, who as sister of the accomplished lord Bolingbroke may be considered a competent judge in the case, speaks of her in a letter to Shenstone as Mr. Graves's "agreeable" wife, and alludes in another to a pleasant surprise in a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Graves. Another of lady Luxborough's letters incidentally lets us into an interesting fact connected with this alliance, viz., that Mr. Graves adopted the measure of sending his rustic charmer to London to remedy the defects of her education, and become accomplished in the arts of

polished society. Having mentioned the name of lady Luxborough I will venture to introduce the following quotation from one of her letters, as exhibiting a graphic sketch of Bath life a hundred years ago :

Orange grove (Bath), February 29, 1752.

For once bid business avaunt, and ask us how we do at Bath, and at your friend Graves's. We can offer you friendly conversation, friendly springs, friendly rides and walks, friendly pastimes to dissipate gloomy thoughts; friendly booksellers, who for five shillings for the season will furnish you with all the new books; friendly chairmen who will convey you through storms and tempests for sixpence, and seldom else, for duchesses trudge the streets here unattended. We have also friendly Othellos, Falstaffs, Richards the Third, and Harlequins, who entertain one daily for half the price of your Garricks, Barrys, and Richs; and (what you will scarcely believe) we can also offer you friendly solitude; for one may be an anchorite here without being disturbed by the question why? Would you see the fortunate and benevolent Mr. Allen, his fine house and stone quarries? Would you see our law-giver Mr. Nash, whose white hat commands more respect and non-resistance than the crown of some kings, though now worn on a head that is in the 80th year of its age? To promote society, good manners, and a coalition of parties and ranks; to suppress scandal and late hours are his views; and he succeeds better than his brother monarchs generally do. Hasten then your steps, for he may be soon carried off the stage of life [ob. 1761], as the greatest must fall to the worms' repast; yet he is new-hanging his collection of beauties so as to have space to hang up as many more future belles. His Appelles is Howard (in crayons), his Praxiteles is Howard's brother, who, though a statuary, deigns also to exercise his art in sculpture on humble paper ceilings, which are very handsome.

But to return to Mr. Graves. This imprudent and unequal marriage gave, as may be supposed, offence to his family; and he found himself cast upon the world with no other resource than a younger brother's slender fortune, and a curacy of fifty pounds a year. After remaining about two years at his curacy he was, through the interest of sir Edward Harvey of Langley, near Uxbridge, presented by Mr. Skrine, at that time possessor of the Claverton estate, to the rectory of Claverton, where he went to reside in 1750; and till his death was never absent from his living a month at a time. In 1763, through the interest of Mr. Allen, who had by that time purchased the manor of Claverton, he was presented to the vicarage of Kilmersdon, in Somersetshire, in addition to that of Claverton. Mr. Allen also procured him the appointment of chaplain to lady Chatham. As the narrowness of his circumstances obliged him to superintend in person the education of his children (three sons and a daughter), he resolved to take other pupils also under his tuition, and this occupation he continued with great credit to himself upwards of thirty years. Among other pupils of the highest respectability committed to his charge was Ralph Allen Warburton, son of the acute and learned bishop of that name. The bishop, writing to his friend bishop Hurd in 1766, says: "Ralph (then about ten years old) is as good, though not so learned, perhaps, as you could wish. He is now going upon Erasmus' Dialogues, a book long out of fashion, which yet I have recommended to Mr. Graves as a guard against too much poetry within doors, and superstition without. But apropos of Mr. Graves, my wife has let him the great house at Claverton, for which he gives £60 a year; and the great gallery-

library is turned into a dormitory, so that where literature generally ends it here begins." Mr. Graves's reputation as a teacher must have been great, for within a month the bishop writes: "The dormitory is already filled; but what inspirations, as a library, it may give to the forty little sleepers therein must be left to time which reveals all things."

In 1777 Mr. Graves had the misfortune to lose his wife, at the age of forty-six. She was buried in Claverton church, and in accordance with the taste of the time he set up an urn to her memory, with a short but elegant and classical inscription.

Mr. Graves was admitted on a footing of familiarity at Prior park, as appears from the reminiscences scattered among his anecdotes of Mr. Allen, and was evidently a welcome visitor. I have heard the late Mrs. Stafford Smith, who must often have met him there, say that having the privilege of dining in boots, on account of riding home, and of retiring early from the dinner table because of the distance, it was a standing joke against him that, in his hurried way, he used to carry off his dinner napkin upon his spurs. It is evident, from various short pieces of wit and humour addressed to individuals, that he lived on terms of similar ease and sociality with most of the principal families round Bath. To lady Miller's vase at Bath-easton he was a frequent contributor, and his early habituation to refined society, as well as his peculiar facility in the lighter species of composition, must have qualified him in a high degree to appear with advantage at her elegant reunions. He seems indeed to have been an acceptable companion in all societies; and the secret of his universal welcome manifestly was his constant good humour and cheerfulness, and the

lively tone of his conversation, his colloquial impromptus being often as happy as the *jeux d'esprit* of his pen ; while both, though marked by greater licence than our modern sense of propriety allows, were always the effusions of a sportive fancy and a guileless heart.

The following characteristic traits are from the pen of a contemporary : "Yonder little man in the clerical dress and brown wig is the admired author of *Eu*****e* [*Euphrosyne*, a collection of poems], which, if you have not read it, let me recommend to a place in your library. It is full of beautiful poetry, elegant description, and unadulterated wit. If ever he is satirical it is contrary to the natural benevolence of his temper ; and he inflicts punishment only that he may reclaim. He is of so amiable a disposition that, stuttering and speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, will be imitated by little poetasters, who can no otherwise arrive at his humour, and yet would be thought like him." — *Bath Anecdotes and Characters, by the Genius loci*, 1782 (ascribed to Dr. Harington).

"Never," says the late Rev. R. Warner, in his *Literary Recollections*, "did the hand of advanced age lie lighter upon a human being, or less exert its withering influence on the intellect, genius, and feeling of a nonagenarian than on Mr. Graves. When in his 88th year, I attended with him at a visitation, sat near him at table, and listened with astonishment to his uninterrupted flow of neat and epigrammatic impromptus, lively *jeux d'esprit*, and entertaining anecdotes."

It is with pain every friend to Mr. Graves's memory must find, from the following anecdote recorded by Mr. Warner, that he could lend himself to a corrupt practice which has so long been and is still the scandal of our Church. The anecdote is given only for the

purpose of illustrating the peculiar humour of the man: "When Mr. Graves was approaching the period of his days, he received and accepted the offer of a piece of preferment under somewhat singular circumstances. The rectory of Croscombe, Somerset, had become vacant, and the patron felt desirous of alienating its perpetual advowson. This could not be effected however unless there were a living incumbent on the preferment at the time of the sale. He cast his eye therefore through the diocese in search of the oldest clergyman within it to whom Croscombe might he presented, ensuring thereby a speedy vacancy, and enhancing in the same proportion the purchase money. Mr. Graves proved to be the rarest example of longevity among his brethren of the cloth; to him therefore the rectory was proffered. Some years afterwards I chanced to be inducted into the same living, and learned from the churchwarden that he was present when a similar ceremony had been performed for Mr. Graves. The old man, he told me, in the true spirit of his character, could not on this occasion forbear discharging a few witticisms on the generosity of the patron, and his own perfect competency to fulfil the duties of the office he was about to be put in possession of; nor was it without a look and tone of his native drollery that, on being introduced into the belfry, he exclaimed, 'Where is the bell-rope? I cannot see it!' And having pulled it with all his feeble might, again inquired, 'Does it ring? for I cannot hear it!' The desired result was effected, and the legal induction completed."

In person Mr. Graves was rather below the middle size, spare and active. His usual pace was between a walk and a run, a circumstance which gave scope

to the good-humoured jocularly of his friends. He lived to an extreme old age, and continued to perform the service of the Church until it became painful to his congregation to hear him. One of his last ministrations was his officiating at the marriage of his granddaughter, when nearly ninety years of age. The following account of his closing scene is given by his intimate friend the late Mr. Meyler, in a letter to Mr. Pratt, "The Gleaner:"—"You request me to send you some account of Mr. Graves's first and last illness, for such was his universal good state of health that they came both together. About a week before his death, or at most ten days, he was at my house in the Grove, Bath, *his daily resort for more than half a century*. He never appeared more lively, nor his faculties less impaired; and he had almost regained his old pace, which you may remember was something between a run and a walk, but which you recollect he had been prevented using through a severe fall he met with about two years ago, and which, for the *first time in his life*, compelled him to be quiet for a quarter of an hour together.

One morn we missed him on the accustomed hill; and I soon learnt that he was afflicted by a violent disorder which threatened fatal consequences, as his very slender frame could not stand the effects of any exhausting malady. Dr. Falconer went over two or three times, but saw nothing could be done. Dr. Moodie visited him every day during his illness, and administered every relief that he could devise. Mr. Horton also was sent for, but with no better success. The veteran asked for *me*, and how the gout now used me. 'I had promised myself,' said he, 'to have dined

with him when he should be mayor of Bath but I fear that I shall be disappointed.' Mr. Prince Hoare, one of his former pupils, was seldom out of his presence for the last three or four days. Another of his scholars, likewise, Mr. Malthus (author of the *Essay on Population*), was then on a visit to his father-in-law, Mr. Eckersall, at Claverton house. He attended his kind old master, and administered the holy sacrament to him. After this, perceiving his fate approaching, he was perfectly collected during the whole trying scene of dissolution, and at length his breath passed unperceived away in a soft untroubled kind of sleep." He died November 23, 1804, and was buried December 1, in the parish church, where a mural tablet is erected to his memory.

I have before stated that Mr. Graves' family consisted of three sons and a daughter. The eldest son, the Rev. Morgan Graves, held the living of Compton, Berks, and married the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Head, incumbent of Chieveley, in that county. He died young, leaving issue. It was probably a daughter of his, at whose marriage I have mentioned Mr. Graves as officiating at Claverton in 1803. Her husband was the Rev. Philip Meadows, afterwards rector of Bealings Magna, near Woodbridge, Suffolk. They had four sons and four daughters. The Rev. Danvers Graves, the second son, held the curacy of Chieveley for many years. He married first the widow of Richard Hatt esq. of Bradley court, in that parish, and secondly the daughter of — Southby esq. of Winterbourne, Chieveley. He died in France, leaving a very young widow, who lived many years an inmate of the college for clergymen's widows at Froxfield, Hungerford, Berks. Of the third son I have no information.

The daughter, Lucilla Anna Maria, remained unmarried, and dying March 10, 1822, aged fifty-seven, was buried in the family vault St. Martin's church, Ludgate, London, but is commemorated by a mural tablet in Claverton church. It is stated that she performed the part of a kind and generous relative to the children of her brother, Morgan Graves.

These particulars were obligingly communicated by Mr. Bartholomew, great-nephew to Mrs. Graves, through the kind intervention of Mr. Richard Welch of Reading.

Mr. Graves had a younger brother, Charles Caspar, who was born in 1716, and elected demy of Magdalen college, Oxford, in 1736. He took the degree of B.A. in 1740, and in the same year is spoken of by Mr. William Seward (uncle of the authoress) in a manuscript diary in the possession of Mr. Joseph Hunter, in warm terms as a hopeful convert to Methodism, and as preparing to take orders. In 1743 he was known as one of the Methodist preachers in Oxford (Ballard's MSS. vol. i. p. 82), but in Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*, (vol. i. p. 510), he is marked as one of those who afterwards departed from the work either through want of health or defect of zeal. In 1759 he was incumbent of Tissington, his brother's former preferment, where he died in 1787 at the age of seventy-one. I am informed by Mr. Alleyn Fitz-Herbert, the present incumbent, that there are several people now living who remember him; and that he is spoken of as having been a good man of kindly disposition and quiet habits.

As a writer Mr. Graves' works, though not of great bulk, were so numerous (twenty-one in number), that I will not attempt to give a catalogue of them, con-

tenting myself with dwelling only on those of chief importance. He seems to have been in early life a contributor to Dodsley's *Miscellany*; but the first separate work of his I find on record is *The Festoon*, a collection of epigrams, published in 1766. The selection is made with judgment, and is prefaced by an ingenious dissertation on the epigram, for which he received a silver medal offered by the proprietor of a periodical for the best essay on that species of composition. In 1772 he produced his principal work, *The Spiritual Quixote*. This work was written to satirize the excesses of mistaken zeal in the early followers of Whitfield and Wesley. The incident which led to the composition of this work is thus recorded by the author: "Although the editor," for so he chooses to style himself, "was not the best of all possible preachers, yet his parishioners were so well satisfied with his doctrine that they regularly attended the service every Sunday. But after a little time a journeyman shoemaker from Bradford came into his parish, brought with him a large congregation, and preached and sang psalms in a large old house; and thenceforth he found his church almost deserted, and his flock seemed to treat him with much less respect than they had before done. On Mr. Graves going to the meeting and reminding the preacher that as the house was not licensed he was liable to a penalty of £20, he desired to preach there for half a year that it might be seen which would convert most drunkards and sinners of every description. He then asked Mr. Graves what was his definition of faith? and behaved with great insolence and impertinence, but never repeated his visit." The work is skilfully planned and well executed, the plot probable and well sustained, the manners distinctive, the diction simple and natural,

the episodes, especially that in which the history of his own marriage is given, well brought in, and the denouement dexterously effected.

The main drift of the story may be guessed from its very title. Geoffrey Wildgoose, a young man of respectable family and comfortable independence, educated at the university, withdraws to his family house in the country, where he lives with his mother, a widow, in much seclusion, but giving the law to the confined society in which he moves. A disagreement with the vicar of the parish, operating upon a nervous temperament, leads him to devote himself to the study of the old Puritan divines, of whose works he finds a large collection in a garret of his mansion. This line of reading coinciding in point of time with the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley, then in its zenith, induces him to throw himself into that movement, and set out, without the knowledge of his mother, as an itinerant preacher. In this expedition he is joined by Jerry Tugwell, a cobbler of the parish, a simple but shrewd and humorous fellow, owing an hereditary and devoted loyalty to his master, but a very loose and shaky adherence to that master's strict self-denying principles. The staple of the work consists in the various incidents, serious and ludicrous, prosperous and adverse, encountered by our adventurers; and the attention is refreshed and the interest quickened by a variety of episodic narratives of the lives and fortunes of the parties they fall in with. Amongst these a part of the second volume is amusingly occupied by a detail of the author's own history, under the assumed name of *Rivers*, an old college friend of Wildgoose. But what would a novel on any subject be without a love story? Accordingly our Quixote is not left destitute of a

Dulcinea. He finds her in a Miss Townsend, a hearer of his at Gloucester, who having escaped from the thralldom and persecution of a lady housekeeper whom her father, a widower, had placed over his household, has taken refuge there with a friend of her late mother, a votary of Mr. Whitfield. His attachment to this lady exercises, imperceptibly to himself, a powerful and salutary influence upon Wildgoose. And the struggles of religious enthusiasm with natural passion in a heart

Where mixed with God's her sacred image lies,

form perhaps one of the best and happiest touches in the work. After visiting in succession Gloucester, Bath, Bristol, Wales, and the Peak in Derbyshire with various success, our adventurers arrive at Warwick at the time of the races, where Wildgoose, in the midst of an unseasonable address on the race-course, receives a blow from a decanter launched at his head by a drunken reveller. He is received into the carriage of a Dr. Greville, a dignified and amiable clergyman of Warwick, is carried home and carefully attended to. The blow, though accompanied with some immediate danger from hæmorrhage, yet proves ultimately of the greatest benefit by relieving his over-charged brain, and restoring him to cooler and more rational views of religion. Dr. Greville proves to be an intimate friend of the Townsend family, and Miss Townsend happens at that very time to be on a visit at his house. "The consequence," to use a hackneyed phrase, "may be more easily conceived than expressed." And I will venture to say there is not one of my fair hearers whose imagination will not be able to supply every succeeding step in the courtship until it terminates in

the happy union of the parties. And the curtain falls, according to the established rule of novels of the bygone time, on a stage peopled by joyous hearts and smiling faces.

The author was evidently thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his master Cervantes, and has framed his two principal characters upon the precise model of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. We admire in Geoffry Wildgoose the same upright earnestness of purpose, the same simple dignity of character amidst all his extravagancies which distinguish the Don ; and in Jerry Tugwell the same mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, the same quaint humour, the same lurking suspicion that there is a screw loose in his master's wits, and yet the same quailing before that master's superior genius and earnest enthusiasm which characterize Sancho. One great secret of the success of this work is that many of the principal characters were drawn from real life. There is extant a key, assigning each of these to its original. The character of Wildgoose has by some been considered as a fiction, by others as representing either sir Harry Trelawny or Mr. Joseph Townsend, formerly rector of Pewsey, Wilts. But I have some suspicion that the true original may be found in Mr. Graves' brother, above-mentioned. Perhaps it may have been a composition combining features taken from different originals.

Mr. Graves' apology for this book is as follows :—
“The following narrative was intended to expose a species of folly which has frequently disturbed the tranquillity of this nation. The author indeed by no means considers ridicule as a proper test of religious opinions. But it is the *practices* of these itinerant preachers, rather than the general *principles* of the

people in question, which he thinks exceptionable. And the following work is so far from *ridiculing religion*, as may perhaps be objected, that he flatters himself it has a direct tendency to *prevent religion becoming ridiculous* by the absurd conduct of such irregular teachers of it."

Mr. Graves' design manifestly was to serve the cause of genuine Christianity by exposing the mischiefs of exaggeration and excess in religious speculation, of which the character and circumstances brought forward were merely the exponents. And even among those whose excesses he exposes he candidly allows that *some* (he *might* and perhaps *ought* to have said *most*) are actuated by real piety, and attributes the growth of the evil in part to the remissness of the regular clergy. Nay, in an introductory advertisement to his work, speaking of himself under a feigned character, he evidently intimates a considerable degree of *favour* for Methodism itself, apart from its excesses. A Gloucestershire squire is introduced as having probably traced the work to one Christopher Collop, a Cotswold curate, but as subjoining: "What is remarkable however, if Kit were really the author of a thing of this kind, is, that although he did not approve of the Methodists rambling about the country, as many of them do, yet he was suspected to favour them in his heart, and continued so to do to the day of his death." Having said thus much, I must cordially admit that I cannot defend many of the incidents and situations by which he sought to expose the epidemic fanaticism of his age. Though even here the time must be distinguished, and some lenity be shown in judging a writer of a period when greater laxity of expression was allowed, by the higher and purer

standard happily prevalent in our own. Neither can I excuse his introduction of Scripture language and allusions in connection with what is light and ludicrous ; although he palliates it by the plea of necessity in order to give an air of truthfulness to his characters, and throws the *onus* of profaneness on the parties who use such language. Generally speaking, however, there is displayed in this work that sunny genial spirit, and that devotion to truth, rectitude and sober piety which characterize all his performances.

The mention of this work naturally raises the vexed question whether or no error in religion is a legitimate subject of satire. As I am unwilling to dogmatize, I will content myself with stating the main arguments on both sides. A pious and able writer of the present day has said : "Ridicule cannot be employed with impunity as a test of truth ; error and truth often lie so close together. Nay, most religious error has so much of truth mingled up with it that the very love of truth ought to preclude the use of jesting ; for, through this close connection of truth and error, mire cannot be cast at error without defiling the truth also." The same writer proceeds to quote from bishop Warburton as follows :— "To see what little good is to be expected from this way of wit and humour, we may observe that even the ridicule of false virtue hath been sometimes attended with mischievous effects. The Spaniards have lamented, and I believe truly, that Cervantes' just and inimitable ridicule of 'knight-errantry' rooted up with that folly a great deal of their real honour. And it was apparent that Butler's fine satire on 'Fanaticism' contributed not a little, during the licentious age of Charles II., to bring sober piety into disrepute. The reason is evident : there are

many lines of resemblance between truth and its counterfeits, and it is the province of wits only to find out the *likenesses* of things, and not the talent of the common admirers of it — to discern the *differences*."

These two extracts seem to embody the whole or chief of what is to be said on the one side. On the other it may be argued that fanaticism, even in its lighter shades, is so destructive of candour, generosity and charity; and in its darker, so apt to generate both hypocrisy and cruelty, so fraught with hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, as to require the strongest correctives; and being of that class of social evils which the law cannot touch (except in its most frightful results), it seems legitimately to fall within the province of the satirist. As reasonably might it be asserted that Elijah was inflicting a blow upon natural piety and the worship of God when he mocked the priests of Baal, saying, "Cry aloud, for he *is* a God; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked;" as that the satirist, in levelling his shafts *bond fide* at mischievous religious error, must necessarily inflict a wound upon pure and undefiled religion.

Mr. Graves' next considerable work was *Columella, or the Distressed Anchorite*, in two vols. 12mo. Its design was to show the ill consequences of men of talent and education retiring in the vigour of life to solitude and indolence, or to the busy idleness of trifling pursuits, upon the pretext of contempt of the world. In this work he is thought to have alluded, though only in the way of general resemblance, to his friend Shenstone, who at the time of its publication had been dead for some years. Although the humour of this work is not free from objection, it is written in

the same kindly spirit, and with the same calm good sense and moral purpose which I have just observed to distinguish him as a writer.

Mr. Graves' style in his prose compositions is clear, familiar and lively, partaking of the natural graces of Addison and Goldsmith. A volume of sermons, the only work it may be observed to which he affixed his name, is said to be written in the same unaffected style, and to find an easy access to the affections. In his metrical pieces he is entitled to the praise of an agreeable versifier rather than of a genuine poet; although the sprightliness of his fancy and the readiness of his wit in his occasional productions will cause him always to be read with pleasure. In none of his works which have fallen in my way have I found traces, either in sentiment or in expression, of that *depth* and *power* which give to fiction its highest charm. He observed keenly, and touched adroitly the more obvious vices and follies of society, but could not analyse those intricate motives and surging passions which work beneath its surface. To borrow a metaphor from Dr. Johnson: "He could tell what time it was upon the dial of life, but could not construct the mechanism which moves its hands."

For the following estimate of Mr. Graves' character as a man we are indebted to Mr. Prince Hoare:—"Mr. Graves possessed from nature an extraordinary vivacity of constitution, to which the active employment of his choice and station gave a full scope, and which a rigid temperance maintained unimpaired to the end of a long life. His mind was highly cultivated at a very early period, not from the severity of precept, but from its spontaneous efforts to trace the sources of refined and virtuous pleasure. At college,

as has been seen, he was the intimate associate of Shenstone, Jago, sir W. Blackstone, and whomever else of distinguished character the university of Oxford then contained ; and he approved himself in no respect their inferior either in the vigour of his talents, the rectitude of his heart, or the fervency of his projects for future utility. The example of his life has been uniformly of that kind from which society derives its essential advantages and actual comforts. His attention was not devoted to any speculative reforms of human nature, but was exerted minutely and continually in the department immediately under his inspection, to check the progress of errors that lead imperceptibly to calamity, and to direct the listening proselyte in the road to happiness. In his view of worldly actions he contemplated the vices of mankind with the most minute strictness of discrimination, and when called on by his duty he investigated them with severity, reprov'd them with earnestness, but corrected them with lenity. A first offence met his compassion, not his anger, but he was slow to pardon its repetition. A natural politeness, a simplicity of manners equally unassumed and unassuming, covered, and from his ordinary acquaintance concealed, an ardent and energetic spirit, which never submitted to unjust aggression, and never stooped to dissimulation or dependence. He endured affliction with the courage of a mind conscious of its own uprightness, and frequently diverted the inroads of sorrow by the exercise of his accustomed literary pursuits." He had many of the eccentric habits of genius, but the love of order was the prevailing principle of his mind, and rule of his conduct. The familiar intercourse of his domestic hours exhibited an unvarying tenor of affection, cheerfulness, and piety.

He was in his heart, as by his profession, attached to the truths of revelation. It was his declaration to an intimate friend, that after all the researches of reading or speculative inquiry, he thought "no man," to use his own words, "could help being a Christian."

"This portrait," remarks Mr. Pratt, "is very ably written, and resembles the original in many features. The learning and the virtues of the good old man are well sustained, and it breathes of affection; but methinks it wants some distinguishing yet amiable eccentricities which marked Mr. Graves' character. Mr. Hoare might have improved the likeness by noticing that rapidity of utterance, those flashes of wit, apt and brilliant quotations, boyish agility at four score and upwards, ever in a hurry and always collected, though seemingly confused, yet amidst all his velocities coolly methodical :

By turns he seemed grave, gamesome, learned, wild,
In sense a sage, simplicity a child.

All these minute yet important touches might have brought him nearer to general recollection. Were a monumental tribute to be paid to his memory, a better model could not be chosen than Cunningham's pathetic simple stanzas on his friend Shenstone :

Come, Shepherds, we'll follow the hearse, &c.

The expressions throughout apply equally to both."

These characters, as sketched in the warmth of feeling for the loss of an old and cherished friend, are of course encomiastic, and must suffer some toning down by the judgment of an impartial posterity. The very lights so prominently thrown forward suggest their accompanying shades. We cannot doubt, as indeed his printed works show, that his lively and

epigrammatic vein occasionally betrayed him into levity not wholly suitable to his sacred character. It is hardly possible, too, that one so much occupied with literary objects could have given that close and serious attention to the duties of his office which the position of a parochial clergyman exacts. But it is to his honour that these abatements are rather matters of inference than of direct evidence. And if it be true (as has been obscurely hinted) that he had family trials of a peculiarly painful nature, these would go far to palliate, if they did not justify, his seeking refuge from domestic cares in no less innocent amusement than the indulgence of a literary taste. Altogether, from his patience, his cheerfulness, his warmth of heart, his contentment, his character is one on which the mind may dwell with pleasure and with profit. As such I commend it to your favourable regard, and conclude with hoping that the memory of Richard Graves of Claverton may seem worthy to be still cherished amid the scenes which his presence once enlivened and adorned.

ON THE CONNECTION OF POPE WITH THE
WEST OF ENGLAND IN GENERAL,
AND BATH IN PARTICULAR.

IT is an irrefragable proof of the substantial merit of a writer when the public interest in himself and his works survives not only lapse of years but also a revolution in the public taste. This is remarkably the case with him who has been called distinctively, though not perhaps with exact propriety, the poet of artificial life. Although more than a century has passed since the death of ALEXANDER POPE, and although so great a change has come over the taste of the public with respect to poetry, we still find his memory fresh in the mind of the literary world; his works engaging the attention of accomplished lecturers and editors, and the minutest facts of his personal history exciting general interest and curiosity. This general homage tends towards the conclusion that however the caprice of fashion may have drawn the public taste, for the time, in another direction, the poetry of Pope appeals to some principle deeply rooted in the nature of men and things. Such an one, I think, we may find not only in his fertile imagination, his wit, his sense, the terseness and grace of his expression, but in his exquisite mastery of *rhyme*, that *ἡδυσμα* of poetical composition which, however continued in our days, is the perfection of measured sound in poetry, being an appeal to the ear agreeable to every mind which follows the dictates of nature, rather than the varying whims of a fantastic

age. This unconscious homage to the claims of rhyme bears an affinity to that rendered by the vast majority of ears to simple melody in contrast with harmony. A room full of people shall be in the full buzz of conversation during the performance of a difficult and artistic piece of counterpoint, when the sudden change to a few strains of simple melody shall at once cause total silence, and command the rapt attention of all. To discuss, however, the general merits of Pope as a writer, or to enter in detail into the particulars of his life, are equally beside my present purpose. My design at this time is to collect and arrange the scattered incidents in Pope's life which connect him with the west of England in general, and with Bath in particular. As the materials for this paper will be drawn almost exclusively from Pope's own letters, a few prefatory remarks upon his epistolary style in general may not be out of place. The distinguishing characteristic of Pope in his letters is *wit*, often just and brilliant, sometimes far-fetched, and not unfrequently, according to the depraved taste of his age, trenching upon indelicacy and profaneness. In humour, as displayed in the writings of Addison, Arbuthnot or Cowper, he did not abound, but we find occasional touches of it. Nor are his letters in many instances without higher merits. We often find in them a rich vein of moral reflection, clothed in simple yet elegant language; and in those written on actual business, or to his intimate friends, an earnestness and reality, and often a warmth of affection, which contrast most favourably with the studied language, the affected badinage and extravagant compliments of those addressed to most of his lady correspondents. This will be most apparent on comparing

many of his letters to Gay, Swift, Atterbury, Digby, Bethell, and particularly to Mr. Justice Fortescue, with those to "several ladies," especially those to M. and T. Blount and to lady M. W. Montague. Another excellency of his letters is the instances of graphic descriptions of places visited by him which they exhibit. This talent Pope possessed in a high degree, his pictures of local scenery having a minute exactness of detail, and being expressed in a felicity of language rarely to be met with. This will be peculiarly apparent in his accounts of the scenery between Bath and Bristol, of Bristol and the Hotwells, and of lord Digby's celebrated seat at Sherborne.

Pope seems to have been a great visitor at the houses of his friends. We find traces of him as far north as Rise in Yorkshire, the seat of his honored friend Hugh Bethell, the "blameless Bethell" of his moral essays; and as far south as Bevis Mount near Southampton, the gallant and witty lord Peterborough's. Between these were Stowe in Bucks, lord Cobham's; Rousham near Steeple Aston in Oxfordshire, General Dormer's; Compton near Northleach, Gloucestershire, Mr. Howe's (afterwards lord Chedworth); lord Lyttleton's at Hagley; Battersea, lord Bolingbroke's; Oakley Bower near Cirencester, lord Bathurst's; Wilton, lord Pembroke's; Sherborne, Dorset, lord Digby's; Longleat, lord Lansdowne's; Doddington near Bath, sir William Codrington's; and what is most to our present purpose, Prior Park, Mr. Allen's. At some, though not all of these, we shall track him in the course of the present essay.

In the early part of the last century, Bath was, excepting Tunbridge Wells, the only considerable inland place of fashionable resort in England. It seems

therefore antecedently probable that one who lived on terms of so much intimacy with people of the first rank and fashion as Pope did, should be numbered amongst at least its occasional visitors. This we find from his letters to have been actually the case. As he was singularly careless about giving the full date in his correspondence, it is somewhat difficult to ascertain the time of his first visit ; but we certainly find him to have been here in 1714, when he was six and twenty. Of this date there are two letters addressed to Theresa and Martha Blount, two sisters of his friend Mr. Edward Blount, resident near Binfield, Berks, for whom he formed an early friendship, terminated only by his death. The one is dated October 6, that year, and is as follows :

Madam,

If I may ever be allowed to tell you the thoughts I have so often of you in your absence, it is at this time, when I neglect the company of a great number of ladies to write this letter. From the window where I am seated, I command the prospect of twenty or thirty, in one of the finest promenades in the world every moment that I take my eye off from the paper. If variety of diversions and new objects be capable of driving our friends out of our minds, I have the best excuse imaginable for forgetting you ; for I have slid, I can't tell how, into all the amusements of this place. My whole day is shared by the pump assemblies, the walks, the chocolate houses, raffling-shops, plays, medleys, &c. We have no ladies who have the face, tho' some of them may have ye impudence, to expect a lampoon. The prettiest is one I had ye luck to travel with, who has found out so far as to tell me, that, whatever pretence I make to gaiety, my heart is not at Bath. Mrs. Gage came hither the other day, and did me a double honor in speaking to me, and asking publicly when I saw you last ! I endeavour (like all

awkward fellows) to become agreeable by imitation ; and observing who are most in favor with ye fair, I sometimes copy the civil air of *Gascoin*, sometimes the impudent one of Nash, and sometimes, for vanity, the silly one of a neighbour of yours, who has lost money to the gamesters here..... My chief acquaintance of my own sex are ye aforesaid Mr. Gascoin and Mr. Nash..... I am so much a rake as to be ashamed of being seen with Dr. Parnelle.* I ask people abroad, who that Parson is? We expect better company here next week ; and then a certain Earl shall know what ladies drink his health every day since his disgrace, that you may be in the public pamphlets, as well as your humble servant. They say, here are cabals held, under pretence of drinking waters ; and this scandal, like others, refreshes me and elevates my spirits. I think no man deserves a monument that could not be wrapped in a winding sheet of papers writ against him. If women could digest scandal as well as I, there are two that might be the happiest creatures in the universe. I have, in one week, run thro' whatever they call *diverting* here ; and I should be ashamed to pass two just in ye same track. I will therefore take but a trip to Longleat, which is 12 miles hence, to visit my Lord Lansdowne,† and return to Lõndon.....

In another letter to one of the same ladies, he says:

Pray tell your sister, all ye good qualities and virtuous inclinations she has, never gave me so much pleasure in her conversation, as that one vice of her obstinacy will give me mortification this month. Radcliffe commands her to Bath, and she refuses. Indeed, if I were in Berkshire, I should honor her for this obstinacy....., but people change with the

* In his epistle to Lord Oxford, he speaks of Parnell as

——“just beheld and lost, admired and mourned,

With sweetest manners, gentlest arts adorned.”

Parnell died in 1717, aged 38.

† George Granville, viscount Lansdowne, the poet, an early friend of Pope, and who introduced him to Wycherly.

change of places (as we see of late), and virtues become vices when they cease to be for our interests, with me as with others. Yet let me tell her, she will never look so finely while she is upon earth, as she would here in buckram, in the water. It is not here, as in most other instances; for those ladies that would please extremely must go out of their own element.... You know I have seen you often; I perfectly know how you look in black, and in white; I have experienced the utmost you can do in colours; but all your movements—all your graceful steps, deserve not half the glory you might here attain of a moving and easy behaviour in buckram. You have conquer'd enough already by land; shew your ambition, and vanquish also by water.....

During this visit he writes to his friend Gay :

Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses; Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the post-house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Among Pope's other favourite places of resort was Oakley Park or Bower, near Cirencester, the seat of lord Bathurst. Of his manner of life during his visits at this elegant and hospitable seat we have the following interesting account in a letter to T. and M. Blount, dated only October, but probably written about 1720:

I am with lord Bathurst at my bower, in whose groves we had yesterday a dry walk of three hours. It is the place that of all others I fancy; and I am not yet out of humour with it, though I have had it some months; it does not cease to be agreeable to me so late in the season; the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colours that is not unpleasant. I

look upon it as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I should preserve a respect for in her decay, and as we should look upon a friend with remembrance how he pleased us once, tho' now declined from his gay and flourishing condition.

I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a hunting upon the Downs, eat heartily, talk tender sentiments with lord Bathurst, or draw plans for houses and gardens, open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works — all very fine and beautiful in our own imagination. At night we play at Commerce.....I like this course of life so well that I am resolved to stay here till I hear of somebody's being in town that is worth coming after.

Pope's seat is said by Mr. Chalmers to be still shown at Oakley Park.

We can hardly doubt that other visits must have been paid by Pope to Bath during the years that intervened between this date and the year 1730, nevertheless as we find no record of such in his letters we must pass on to the latter date, when we find him writing thus to his friend Martha Blount :

Bath, Septr. 4.

..... I left lord Cobham's [Stowe] as I told you, not without a wish that yourself and Mrs. Howard had seen it with me.* I passed by the door of my lord Deloraine's, which is a neat stone house, with a view to the Downs, but low situated..... I lay one night at Rousham,† which is

* At a later period he thus describes his habits of life during a visit at this scene of refined taste and graceful hospitality :

"This garden is beyond all description in the new part of it. I am every hour in it but dinner and night....Every one takes a different way, and wanders about till we meet at noon. All the mornings we breakfast and dispute; after dinner and at nights, music and harmony; in the garden, fishing, no politics, and no cards, nor much reading. This agrees exactly with me, for the want of cards sends us early to bed."

† Rousham, near Woodstock, Oxfordshire, the seat of sir Clement Cotterell. See Mrs. Delany's Letters, vol. ii., p. 223.

the prettiest place for water-falls, jets, ponds, enclosed with beautiful scenes of green and hanging wood that ever I saw. I lay next at Mr. Howe's* in Glostershire; a fine thing of another kind, where nature has done everything, and luckily, for the master has ten children.

I called at sir William Codrington's,† designing but for half a day, and it not being a mile out of the way; but found it impossible (without more violence than ought ever to be offered to good nature) to get from thence till just now. My reception there will furnish matter for a letter to Mr. Bethel. It was perfectly in his spirit. All his sisters, in the first place, insisted I should take physic, preparatory to the waters; and truly I made use of the time, place, and persons, to that end. My lady Cox, the first night I lay there, mixed my electuary; lady Codrington pounded sulphur; Mrs. Bridget Bethel ordered broth. Lady Cox marched first upstairs with the physic in a gallipot; lady Codrington next, with the vial of oil; Mrs. Bridget third, with pills; the fourth sister with spoons and tea cups. It would have rejoiced the ghost of Dr. Woodward to have beheld this procession, and I should be inclined to think it might bring Mr. Bethel this way 200 miles about, if I would promise but to do the same thing on my return home. By this means I have an opportunity of astonishing Dr. Arbuthnot, to see me begin the waters without any physic, and to set him and Mr. Gay in an uproar about me and my wilfulness; I may even hope to be as famous as yourself. I was much pleased with what happened on Mr. Bethel's sisters all taking physic some days together (which I was told there, and gives a perfect character of the great taste of the family to it). A country wench in the house expressed her thankfulness that she was not born a gentlewoman, and declared she would not be one for the world. Their house is pretty enough,

* Compton Park, near Northleach, Gloucestershire.

† Doddington, near Sodbury, Gloucestershire.

the situation romantic, covered with woody hills tumbling upon one another confusedly, and the garden makes a valley betwixt them with some mounts and waterfalls.

We now approach an event in Pope's history which connects him still more closely with Bath,—his introduction to and intimacy with Ralph Allen of Prior Park. We cannot visit the apartments or range the grounds of that once celebrated mansion, consecrated as it was by the resort of so many characters of distinguished eminence without the shades of Henley, Pratt, Murray, Pitt, Chatham, Yorke, Warburton, Allen, and especially of Pope, rising and meeting us at every turn. The taste of Pope was exerted both within and without the house ; and though recent alterations have made great changes in both directions, I apprehend that the impress of his suggestive mind is still traceable there. A lingering tradition still assigns the name of Pope's study to a building of rustic work now or lately used as a cattle-shed, abutting on the footpath through what is called the Mile-field. The same name has been wrongly given to that tasteless erection in the same field called the Monument, or the Prior's Tower, which being dedicated to the memory of Allen was probably not built till above twenty years after Pope's death. I have also heard, though I know not on what authority, the cottage at the foot of Beechen Cliff called Pope's house. Pope's introduction to Mr. Allen took place some time before the year 1736, and originated in Mr. Allen's admiration of the first volume of Pope's letters, and his offer to print a second volume at his own expense. There are extant in Pope's works, eight letters to Allen, ranging between 1736 and 1744, the year of Pope's death. Allen's part of the correspond-

ence does not appear. These letters are most creditable to both parties, bearing testimony to the generosity and good taste of Allen, and to the gratitude, independence and right feeling of the poet. It appears from the first letter that Allen had employed Pope to get two designs from good masters, one on the meeting of Joseph and his Brethren, the other on Scipio's resignation of his Captive, for basso relievos, to decorate the hall at Prior Park. On this occasion Pope says truly and sensibly :

A man not only shows his taste but his virtue in the choice of such ornaments ; and whatever example most strikes *us* we may reasonably imagine may have an influence upon *others*, so that the *history itself*, if well chosen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better lesson than any he could teach by his *conversation*.

In the second letter, dated June 1736, while declining with becoming gratitude Allen's offer further than to let him bear a share in the printing of his letters, he gracefully adds :

But understand me rightly. Did I believe half so well of them as you do, I would not scruple your assistance, because I am sure that to occasion you to contribute to a real good would be the greatest benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promise you, if ever I am so happy as to find any just occasion where your generosity and goodness may unite for such a worthy end, I will not scruple to draw upon you for any sum to effect it.

Another passage in this letter is both important and honourable to the character of Pope, as conveying a recantation of the frivolities, impurities and profanities of his early letters :

I do grant it would be some pleasure to me to expunge

several idle passages, which will otherwise, if not go down to the *next* age, pass at least in *this*, for mine ; altho' many of them *were not*, and God knows, *none* of them *are* my present sentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly disapproved by me.

Let me here pause a moment to impress an important caution suggested by this passage. It is this : To be greatly careful how we allow ourselves in the warmth and privacy of familiar correspondence to record thoughts or utter sentiments either about persons or things which we may at a future time have cause to remember with sorrow, or like Pope to recant with shame. Idle words slip as glibly from the pen as they run off trippingly from the tongue, but we know *where* both are registered, and *for what purpose*.

The next letter, November 1736, opens with an ingenious but just apology for unfrequent writing :

I do not write too often to you for many reasons ; but one, which I think a good one, is, that friends should be left to think of one another for certain intervals, without too frequent memorandums. It is an exercise of their friendship and a trial of their memory. And moreover, to be perpetually repeating assurances is both a needless and suspicious kind of treatment with such as are sincere, not to add the *tautology* one must be guilty of who can make out so many idle words as to fill pages with saying one thing, for all is said in this word : *I am truly yours*.

In June 1737, upon occasion of a false report of his death, he writes to Allen in the following mingled strain of tenderness and piety :

I was very sorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendship betrayed you into, upon the false report which occasioned your grief. I am now so well that I ought

not to conceal it from you, as the just reward of your goodness, which made you suffer for me. Perhaps when a friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much mistaken in our sorrow as you now were. So that what we think a real evil is to such spirits as see things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleases, let us think or call it good or evil.

I wish the world would let me give myself more to such people as I like, and discharge me of half the honours which persons of higher rank bestow on me, and for which one generally pays too much of what they cannot bestow—time and life. Were I arrived to that happier circumstance, you would see me at Widcombe and not at Bath.....

Pope's mention of Allen in the epilogue to his *Satires* is well known; but it may not be equally so that before he made it he applied for and no doubt received Allen's permission. In a letter dated April 1738 he says:

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all going out of the way for it) provided I say something of you, which most people would take ill, *e.g.* that you are no man of high birth or quality? You must be perfectly free with me on this as on any, nay, on every other occasion.

The verses as they now stand are:

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Epil. to the Satires, Dial. I. v. 135-6.

Pope had originally styled him "low-born Allen," but afterwards altered the phrase to its present form, not on the remonstancance of Mr. Allen as has been supposed, but for a reason he has himself assigned in a

letter quoted by Warburton, but not printed in the correspondence :

I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before ; I mean *humility*. I must, therefore, do justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born* to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell everybody the change was not made at your or at any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge, you merited it.

Johnson says that Allen, humble as he was, hated these lines, and hated Pope as the author of them ; but these lines have preserved Allen from oblivion, and Pope judged rightly in thinking that the humility of his birth enhanced instead of lessening his merits.

In January 1739-40 he writes to Warburton :

I have been full three months about Bath and Bristol, endeavouring to amend a complaint [probably the asthma] which more or less has troubled me all my life. I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last.

To the same correspondent, writing in October the same year, he says : "I am going to Bath for near two months." In November 1741, writing to Warburton from Prior Park he says :

My third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy, even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place that your exhortations may be most effectual to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside, by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home it is here I could wish to be with you ; and if you would attend to the

continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusements of commenting upon a poet who has no other merit than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance truth and virtue in a more effectual way ; in either case this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you from all you would desire to avoid in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man who is the master of it invites you in the strongest terms, and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in the world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them), no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the bishop of Salisbury is expected here daily, who, I know, is your friend ; at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think *myself* light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me.

In this gallery, which formed the library at Prior Park, we may picture to ourselves the slight, diminutive, and somewhat deformed person, and the intelligent and expressive features of Pope in his usual morning dishabille, consisting of a dark grey waistcoat, a green dressing-gown, and a blue cap (as he is represented in the crayon painting of him by Hoare), surrounded by the distinguished circle so often drawn together at this classic abode, and enlivening by his wit and repartee the graver discussions of divines and politicians there assembled.

In a subsequent letter he writes :

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house, and by sharing with me what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life—his friendship.

These words reach almost a prophetic strain, so completely was this introduction the stepping-stone to Warburton's subsequent elevation. It resulted in his receiving, in 1746, the hand of Miss Gertrude Tucker, Mr. Allen's favourite niece, and his promotion, through Mr. Allen's interest with Mr. Pitt, first to the deanery of Bristol, and afterwards to the see of Gloucester.

The next year, 1742, finds him meditating another visit to Bath. In April that year he writes to Warburton :

I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival, with whom I shall seize all the hours I can, for his stay (I fear by what he writes) will be very short. I do not think it impossible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks to see (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old servant. In that case I think I go with him, and if it should be at a season when the waters are beneficial (which agree particularly with him too) would it be an impossibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's, whose house, you know, and heart are yours.

This intention was fulfilled ; for, November 27, in that year, writing again to Mr. Warburton, he says :

This will shew that I am still with our friend, but it is the last day ; and I would rather you heard of me pleased, as I yet am, than chagrined, as I shall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well.

Still another intended visit, probably accomplished, is announced to Warburton in June, 1743 :

Lord Bathurst returns to France very speedily, and it is possible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's this summer, of which I will not fail to advertise you, if it suits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Whatever charms Bath itself may have had for Pope in his earlier years, it would appear that his chief attraction to it at this time was the friendship of Mr. Allen, and the *agrémens* of Prior Park; for, upon a report being spread of his intention to leave Twickenham and settle at Bath, he writes thus to Mr. Richardson in November, probably of this year:

For the news of my quitting Twickenham for Bath, enquire into my years, if they are past the bounds of dotage? ask my eyes if they can see, and my nostrils if they can smell? To prefer rocks and dirt to flowery meads and silver Thames, and brimstone and fogs to roses and sunshine—when I arrive at these sensations, I may settle at Bath, of which I never yet dreamt further than to live just out of the sulphurous pit and at the edge of the fogs, at Mr. Allen's, for a month or so. I like the place so little that health itself should not draw me thither, though friendship has twice or thrice.

It might have been hoped that a friendship thus deeply based and firmly cemented would have defied the assaults of time and chance. This, however, was not the case. Mr. Ruffhead in his life of Pope (which is thought to have been sanctioned by Warburton, and therefore to be reliable evidence), says:

About a year before Mr. Pope's death Miss Martha Blount, at the desire of Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen, paid a visit to the latter at Prior Park, where she behaved herself in so arrogant and unbecoming a manner that it occasioned

an irreconcilable breach between her and some part of Mr. Allen's family. [A delicate and softening expression for Mrs. Allen.]

Pope it would appear took in such high dudgeon the slight he considered put upon himself and Miss Blount, that he immediately quitted Prior Park, leaving her behind him. How keenly he felt the circumstance is apparent from his strong expressions in a letter to her written immediately after :

All I beg is that you will not stay a moment at the only place in England (I am satisfied) where you can be so used ; and where for your sake and for my own I never will set foot more. However well I might wish the man, the woman is a minx, and an impertinent one, and *he* will do what she would have him. I don't wonder they don't speak a word of me.....I shall not write till I get home, if then ; but show my resentment without lessening myself. Pray do you do the same. Leave them without a word, and send for your things.....

At the close of the letter he adds :

I think it best still to enclose to Mr. Edwyn. I should not wonder if listeners at doors should open letters.

Even his friend Warburton seems to have been somehow or other implicated in this quarrel, for he says : "Warburton is a sneaking parson, and I told him he flattered ;" *i.e.* I suppose was a flatterer of the Allens. It appears from another letter of Pope to Miss Blount, that he and Allen had an interview and explanation at Twickenham. Allen, with the confidence of one innocent of offence, invited himself to breakfast with Pope. On this occasion "I told him," says Pope :

What I thought of Mrs. Allen's conduct to me before you came, and both hers and his after. He did pretty much what you expected—utterly denied any unkindness or coolness, and protested *his* utmost desire, and answered for *hers*, to have pleased you ; laid it all upon the *mutual dissatisfaction* between you and her, and hoped I would not be altered towards him by any *misrepresentation* you might make ; not that he believed you would tell an untruth, but that you saw things in a mistaken light. I very strongly told him you never made any such ; nor, if he considered, was it possible, since all that had passed I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. I told him I did not impute the unkindness shown *me* in behaving so coldly, to him originally, but to Mrs. Allen ; and fairly told him I suspected it to have proceeded from some jealousy she had of some designs we had upon his house at Hampton, and confirmed it by the reports I had heard of it from several hands. But he denied this utterly, too ; I pressed then, that she must have had some very unjust or bad thing suggested to her against you ; but he assured me it all rested upon a *mutual misunderstanding* between you two, which appeared in two or three days, and which he spoke to his wife about, but found he could not make her at all easy in, and that he never in his whole life was so sorry at any disappointment.

This explanation, however, was far from satisfactory, for Mr. Ruffhead informs us :

As Mr. Pope's extreme friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount made him consult her in all his concerns, so when he was about making his last will, he advised with her on this occasion ; and she declared to him she would not accept the large provision made by it for herself, unless he returned back by way of legacy all that he had received of Mr.

Allen on any account, and Mr. Pope with the greatest reluctance complied with the infirmity of such a vindictive spirit.*

It is certain, Mr. Roscoe adds :

That Mr. Pope in this deserved pity instead of blame ; for though he had the strongest friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount, yet it was of a kind most innocent and pure, notwithstanding what malignity or mirthful people might suggest to the contrary, either in jest or earnest. But no excuse can be made for Mrs. Blount's abuse of the influence she had over him, or for the indifference and neglect she showed to him throughout his whole last illness.

With respect to the will, Mr. Roscoe's account seems to require a little qualification. Pope it is true so far complied with the pleasure of his enraged friend as to return by way of legacy what he had received of Allen, but he yet left him his library of printed books, a legacy with which Mr. Blount does not appear to have interfered.† Although, too, he seems to have adhered to his resolution of "never setting foot more" in Mr. Allen's house, it is yet consolatory to learn from the tenor of his two last letters to Allen, and his last to Warburton (all written within a very few months of his death, and probably after the date of his will), that a friendly intercourse had been restored, and was kept up till the last. This appears from several letters from

* This, however, Miss Blount expressly denied to Mr. Spence ; saying I had never read his will, but he mentioned to me the part relating to Mr. Allen, and I advised him to omit it, but could not prevail on him to do so.—*Roscoe's Life*, p. 530.

† These books, by a reversionary bequest of Pope, became afterwards the property of bishop Warburton, were purchased with the rest of his library, after his death, by bishop Hurd, and, as forming part of the library left by bishop Hurd to the see of Worcester, are now in the library of Hartlebury Castle, where I have seen and examined them.

Pope, giving Allen an account of the declining state of his health, and proposing plans for their meeting. In one of these he says :

I am in no pain. My case is not curable ; and must in course of time, as it does not diminish, become painful at first, and then fatal. And what of all this ? Without any distemper at all, life itself does so, and is itself a pain if continued long enough. So that Providence is equal even between what seem so wide extremes as health and infirmity.

And again, in another letter :

I am very sure I have not much strength left, nor much life. All it can allow me will be to see you, and (if I can stretch it so far) one friend more abroad. [Probably Bolingbroke, who lived at Battersea]. In either of your houses, if I drop, I drop contented, otherwise Twickenham will see the last of me.

Writing to Mr. Allen in January 1744, he says :

I ought sooner to have acknowledged yours ; but I have been severely handled by my asthma, and at the same time hurried by business that gave an increase to it by catching cold. I am truly sorry to find that neither your, nor Mrs. Allen's disorder is totally removed ; but God forbid your pain should continue to return every day, which is worse by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account.

Again, in March :

I thank you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we have ever met ; and I could wish it were at Twickenham, though only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once..... God send you long life and an easier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear.

In a letter from Pope to Warburton, dated March

24, 1743, we find him speaking of Mr. Allen with great respect, and expressing his satisfaction that he had been the means of introducing Warburton to his acquaintance :

I only mean to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words soever I make of it. A greater pleasure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than —— intrinsically, but I foresee will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one, is but small.

A few weeks more terminated Pope's earthly career. On the 30th of May he died at his house at Twickenham, of asthma and dropsy of the chest, in his 56th year.

The death-bed and the character of Pope are beyond my present province. But it is impossible to close this essay without briefly remarking that he died with the fortitude and resignation of a wise man and a Christian ; and that after every abatement he merited the general character of a poet of distinguished eminence in his peculiar walk ; of a powerful moral writer, and of an honest upright man. To adopt the glowing words of his friend Warburton :

To have been one of the first poets of the world is but his SECOND praise. He was in a higher class. He was one of the noblest works of God. He was an *honest man*. A man who alone possessed more real virtue than, in very corrupt times needing a satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes.....

And he goes on to enumerate :

His filial piety — his disinterested friendship — his reverence for the constitution of his country — his love and admi-

ration of *virtue*—and (what was the necessary effect) his hatred and contempt of *vice*—his extensive charity to the indigent—his warm benevolence to mankind—his supreme veneration of the Deity— and, above all, his sincere belief of Revelation.

So far Warburton ; and with some deduction on the score of a friend's partiality, we may, I think, subscribe to the encomium.

He had his failings and defects, attributable partly to constitution and temper, and partly to the corrupt influence of the age he lived in, but over these we gladly draw that veil which we should all desire to have spread over our own weaknesses and defects, and conclude with the touching words of a kindred spirit :

No further seek his errors to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode —
There they, alike, in trembling hope repose —
The bosom of his Father and his God.

RALPH ALLEN AND PRIOR PARK.

THE great principle of association is nowhere more signally displayed than in the connection between distinguished persons and their respective localities. We cannot be on the spot, or in the neighbourhood, where eminent individuals have lived, without our minds, almost unconsciously, reverting to the times and circumstances of the parties, peopling the scenes with their ancient actors, and bringing those actors and their associates vividly before us. This is the more strongly felt in proportion as the place and person are more closely and intimately linked together; and the feeling is accompanied by an eager longing to form such intimacy, as distance of time will allow, with those who have long passed away;—to know what manner of men they were, to trace the history of their lives, to penetrate even into their private retirements, witness their domestic habits, and join the circle of their familiar friends.

Who, for instance, could visit the Leasowes without the shade of its originator, Shenstone, meeting them at every turn, and calling up all the throes of inventive genius, all the trials of successful contrivance, and, it must be added, all the vexations and disappointments of that amiable and graceful, but oversensitive poet, in the formation of his mimic Paradise; and without an earnest wish to connect with the scene of his tasteful labours some knowledge of the man himself?

The same might be said of Olney and Cowper, of Twickenham and Pope, and of Strawberry hill and Horace Walpole; and numberless other instances which will readily present themselves to my hearers.

And, to draw towards the subject which is to engage our attention this evening,* who that has visited Prior Park, or even sees it at a distance, can help reverting to the idea of him to whom that grand and once symmetrical pile owned its origin, and who was for so many years its animating spirit, and desiring to know all that can, at this distant period, be known of the birth and parentage, the character, manners, and habits, the friendships and associations, of RALPH ALLEN?

This natural and laudable desire it is my present business, as far as I can, to satisfy; and truly do I regret that I must begin by apologising for the scantiness and meagreness of what I have to offer. After taking some pains to collect materials from various sources, it is mortifying to observe how little, in the way of regular biography, they amount to. But in gathering up the scattered recollections of one, of whom no life has been written for nearly one hundred years, it is only piecemeal that information offers itself, and I shall feel much indebted to any one who will contribute to make my present imperfect sketch more complete.

The different short accounts of Allen which I have consulted seem to be, for the most part, copies of some brief original, and add hardly anything to the bare outline first sketched. I have, therefore, been forced to eke out my notice by such anecdotes and

* Read before the Bath Literary Club.

casual mention of Allen as have fallen in my way ; which must account for, and will, I hope, excuse, the abrupt and fragmentary form of this paper.

My chief materials have been derived from the biographical sketch which, with little alteration, has appeared successively in Mr. Warner's *History and Descriptive Account of the Environs of Bath* ; in *The Beauties of England and Wales* ; and in Mr. Pierce Egan's *Walks Round Bath* ; aided by Mr. Graves's *Trifling Anecdotes of the late Ralph Allen* ; a letter of Mr. Derrick, M.C., at Bath ; an extract from Mr. Philip Thicknesse's *Prose Bath Guide* ; some scattered notices in *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes* ; and *Polwhele's Biographical Sketches in Cornwall* ; the last, together with some extracts from registers and elucidations of Allen's parentage and birth-place, kindly furnished to me by the Rev. John Bartlett, vicar of St. Blazey, in Cornwall.

It may not be out of place here to remark, that I have lately looked over two short pieces, the one in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 22nd April 1848, the other in the *Family Economist* for May 1856 (the latter apparently grounded upon the former), each professing to give the history of Ralph Allen. In both these the questionable liberty of at all tampering with historical facts has been carried to the most unwarrantable length ; the events of his life having been unscrupulously transposed, altered, and interpolated *ad libitum*, for the purpose of merely "pointing a moral and adorning a tale." For instance : his mother is represented as a widow, coming with him to Bath, and as occupied first as a washerwoman, and afterwards as a clear-starcher ; and bishop Warburton, as the clergyman of his parish, giving him, as a poor

boy, a certificate of character, which obtained him employ at the Post-office ; and he is himself exhibited as devoted to books and book-learning. How partly unwarranted and partly contradictory to the facts of the case these representations are will appear in the sequel. Such heterogeneous combinations of truth and falsehood can serve no other purpose, in an *historical* point of view (whatever they may do in a *moral*), than that of vitiating the sources of history, and destroying our confidence in the records of the past.

But, to turn from these clumsy fictions to reality. Ralph Allen was born at St. Blaise, or St. Blazey (as it is now called), near St. Austel, in Cornwall, in the year 1693. The place of his birth was a public-house, kept by his father, called the Duke William Inn, situate in St. Blazey Highway, about a mile and a-half from the town and church of St. Blazey. The house, the property of major Carlyon, of Treyrehn, in the same parish, has been for some years converted into dwelling-houses. This account was supplied to me by Mr. Bartlett, the present vicar. Mr. Graves of Claverton, to be more particularly mentioned by and by, writing about the year 1800, says : "An ingenious young gentleman, who has lately made a tour of the West, showed me a drawing of the house where Mr. Allen was born, which is still shown to strangers, not merely as an object of curiosity, but by many of those who had partaken of his bounty, and are still living, with a kind of religious veneration." "The house," he continues, "seems to have been the residence of a gentleman's family ; and, though now converted into a farm-house, by no means warrants Mr. Pope's epithet of 'low-born Allen,' which, on a hint

from bishop Warburton, was changed into 'humble Allen.'" This last assertion must, however, obviously give way to the current tradition of the spot. Of the names of Mr. Allen's parents I have no certain account.

In the registry of the adjoining parish of Tywardreath, occurs the following entry, under the year 1687:

"John Allen, of parish of St. Blazey, and Mary Elliot, of the parish of St. Austel, were married the 10th of February."

Some probability that the latter couple were Mr. Allen's parents arises from the circumstance of a sister of Mr. Allen's having, as we shall presently see, married a person of the name of Elliot.

Many entries of births, marriages, and deaths of the Allen family occur in the register of St. Blazey, even as late as the year 1810; but these may be passed over as foreign to our present design. Of Ralph Allen himself the baptismal register does not appear. The name of Allen is now no longer known in the parish.

Mr. Allen's father seems, from the brief records that have come down to us, to have borne a high character for honesty and straightforwardness. Mr. Polwhele gives the following anecdote of him: "In a severely contested election for the county (Cornwall), in which the candidates were Edgecumbe, Boscawen, Glanville (of Stowe), and Trevanion, Mr. Boscawen called upon Mr. Allen, and asked for a pint of his beer, requesting Mr. Allen to drink with him. Mr. Allen, being naturally obliging, had no hesitation in complying with the request of the stranger. Mr. Boscawen (who was *incog.*) took an occasion to inquire the news of the neighbourhood and day, and,

the election being then most prominent, the subject was immediately introduced. After conversing in a mere cursory manner, Mr. Boscawen began to inquire into the general opinion of the private characters of the candidates, which Mr. Allen as freely gave him. Mr. Boscawen then inquired who this Boscawen was, and what Allen thought of him? Allen observed, "He is much respected, I believe, in this neighbourhood; but, in his public capacity, we all suspect him to be unsound." The conversation having proceeded thus far, several of Mr. Boscawen's attendants came up, and addressed him in his proper form. Mr. Allen felt abashed, and apologised for the freedom which he had ignorantly taken. "Give me your hand, my honest friend (cried the gentleman), you have given me no offence; here is your money for the beer. I hope soon to undeceive the county, and prove that Boscawen is not unsound."

The first mention I find of Ralph is, his having been placed under the care of his grandmother (whether paternal or maternal does not appear), who kept the Post-office at St. Columb. "He there discovered," says Mr. Graves, "a turn for business, a cleverness in arithmetic, and steadiness of application, which seemed to indicate his future eminence. The inspector of the Post-office having come into Cornwall, and, among other towns, having visited St. Columb, was highly pleased with the uncommon neatness and regularity of young Allen's figures and accounts, and expressed a wish to see the boy in a situation where ingenuity and industry might have a wider scope and more encouragement. Not long afterwards, Allen's friends consented to his leaving Cornwall, and he appears to have come to Bath."

This information is furnished by Mr. Polwhele. A different account is given by Mr. Thicknesse, in his *Prose Bath Guide* for 1778. His statement is, "It is said that the post-master of Exeter, being caught in a storm upon a dreary heath in Cornwall, took shelter in the hut of a poor man (Allen's father), and being kindly received by his humble host, and seeing marks of genius in this boy, proposed taking him under his care and protection—a proposal very acceptable to all parties. He was accordingly taught to read and write, and then employed in the Post-office to receive and deliver letters." Considering Mr. Polwhele's superior advantages in respect of acquiring local knowledge, and the random and crotchety character of Mr. Thicknesse, and the generally depreciatory tone respecting persons and things observable in his writings, there is, I think, little difficulty in deciding which of these accounts is entitled to the preference.

For what next follows I am indebted to Mr. Graves, who prefaces his reminiscences with the following modest and candid statement: "In what I am going to relate in these few anecdotes, I do not pretend to great accuracy as to time and other circumstances; but they are what were generally known and related fifty years ago (about 1750), when I first came to reside in the vicinity of Bath, as facts of which few people in the neighbourhood could be ignorant."

In the year 1715, Mr. Allen was one of the clerks in the Post-office in this city. In this situation, having got intelligence of a waggon-load of arms coming up from the West for the use of the disaffected in this part of England (who were supposed to have projected an insurrection in order to co-operate with that

in Scotland and in the north of England), he communicated this to general Wade, who was then quartered at Bath with troops ; and who, finding him a sensible, prudent young man, got him advanced after the death of Mr. Quash, who was then postmaster, to that station, and afterwards married him to Miss Earl, his natural daughter. A recent writer in *Notes and Queries* says : "Ralph Allen, founder of Prior Park, owed his fortune to opening letters in the Bath Post-office, in which he was employed. Those letters gave an account of a conspiracy in favour of the Pretender in the West of England." This seems too nakedly expressed. It is probable that, at that critical juncture, the letters were suspected, and Mr. Allen authorised to open them.

Mr. Allen's progress in civic standing and consideration must have been rapid ; for we find him, in 1722, on the evidence of a picture of him lately discovered, a member of the common council. In 1742 he served the office of mayor ; his sole mayoralty. In his situation of postmaster, Mr. Allen projected the plan of multiplying the cross posts upon so extensive a scale as to add £6,000 a year to the revenue. Upon the success of which speculation he was so confident, that he himself farmed it at that price, and ventured to take a lease of it for twenty-one years. This scheme so far exceeded his expectations, that upon the expiration of that term, he took another lease of it at £20,000 a year ; yet he was supposed to have had a very advantageous bargain. It is stated by another authority that he enjoyed his contract forty-two years, during which time he derived on an average £12,000 a year from it. The *Blue Book* on the late Mr. Palmer's claims to compensation for fur-

ther extensive improvements in the Post-office, refers to Mr. Allen's last contract with the government as being still extant, and as having been made for seven years from 1760. Of his former contracts there is no record remaining; but it is doubted by competent authorities whether they could have been made for so long a term as twenty-one years. For this information I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Hill, commissioner of bankrupts, at Bristol.

Of this leading circumstance of Mr. Allen's life, Mr. Thicknesse gives a different account. It is that, during Allen's residence at Exeter, the postmaster had formed a scheme, in which young Allen's pen and head were employed, of establishing a cross post all over England, but was unable to carry it into execution. Mr. Allen, however, possessed of some materials for so great an undertaking, and a much better head, matured and brought to bear this great national convenience.

After an interval of some years, Mr. Allen opened those extensive stone quarries on Combe Down; whence, by means of an inclined plane, a single horse would draw a carriage, with a ton weight of stone, down to the wharf at Bath, where Mr. Wood says it was delivered at 7s. 6d. per ton, being 2s. 6d. a ton cheaper than it had been sold before. From this point, after supplying the materials for the public buildings in that city, it was conveyed by water to Bristol, London, and Liverpool, and to Ireland, Lisbon, and almost every part of Europe.

Upon opening his quarries, Mr. Allen erected cottages for his workmen upon Combe Down, which formed the nucleus of that now populous hamlet. It is a trifling incident, but indicative of Mr. Allen's

acute observation, that a small house, roofed with stone, standing against the side of Bowden Hill, Wilts, within a few yards of the high road, suggested to him the idea of that peculiar form of roofing, with over-lapping slabs of stone, which he employed for the cottages of his workmen, and which we see still remaining in the lodges of the carriage road. It is suggested by some of Mr. Allen's less friendly biographers, that the opening of these quarries was in the nature of a *blind*, to conceal the real source of his wealth. Mr. Thicknesse says, "While he was supposed to be gaining a princely fortune by digging stones from the *bowels* of the earth, he actually picked it off the *surface* by traversing the whole kingdom with post horses." The truth of the charge is also rendered disputable by the magnitude of the contracts entered into by Mr. Allen. Besides the large supply demanded by the improvements in Bath during his time, the corporation of Bristol still preserve his original contract to supply the stone for building the Exchange. That for building St. Bartholomew's hospital is also stated to have been supplied from his quarries. And when we couple with this the extensive exports already alluded to, and the improbability of so large and expensive a machinery being put and kept in action merely as a feint, I think it will go far to relieve Mr. Allen's memory from this stigma, and to entitle his speculation in the quarries to be considered as a real and important source of wealth.

Having, by these judicious and honourable means, secured a noble income, about the year 1735 or 1736, Mr. Allen began to build Prior Park. Mr. Wood, in his *Essay towards a Description of Bath*, states that

this grand design originated in Mr. Allen's desire to meet certain reflections that had been cast by interested parties upon the qualities of the Combe Down stone, by exhibiting it to greater advantage, and as applied to a greater variety of uses than it had ever been before. The building was intended to have displayed all the different orders of architecture ; but the ardour of the design abating, it eventually took its present more modest form. Of this structure, built from Mr. Wood's plans, Mr. Collinson, in his *History of Somerset*, gives the following account : " This magnificent building stands on a terrace, about 100 feet below the summit of Combe Down, and 400 feet above the city of Bath, from which it is one and a half mile distant to the south-east. It consists of a house in the centre, two pavilions, and two wings of offices, all united by arcades, and making one continued line of building between 1,200 and 1,300 feet in front, of which the house occupies 150. It is built in the Corinthian style, upon a rustic basement, and crowned by a balustrade. The centre part, projecting from the plane, forms one of the most correct and noble porticoes in the kingdom, supported by six large, lofty, and superb columns. The apartments are very spacious, elegant, and warm, free from damp, and healthy. At the bottom of the lawn, before the house, is a piece of water, and over it a Palladian bridge at the head of a considerable lake plentifully stocked with fish." Mr. C. Godwin tells me that he has heard the late sir R. C. Hoare, no mean judge, say that he considered Prior Park as one of the finest edifices in the west of England. Mr. Graves detracts a little from these high encomiums on the building, by saying, " From the columns of the hall rising into

the second story, (contrary to the original design of the architect,) the number and spaciousness of the best chambers are inconveniently diminished, and they are made gloomy and unpleasant." He adds, "Wings are joined to the main building by a colonnade; that on the left is a beautiful pavilion, and seems to me to have all the conveniences for a private family. It was a favourite apartment with Mr. Allen, where he often breakfasted, or drank tea with his most intimate friends. The pleasure ground of Prior Park, though not extensive, is beautifully romantic, and good use is made of the various rills of water, which appear to issue from a rock stricken by the wand of Moses (a statue of whom is placed above it), and, trickling down the precipice, are collected below into a serpentine river, which is ornamented by a fictitious bridge, designed by Mr. Pope, to conceal its termination." It is suggested (I think by Mr. Polwhele), that the introduction of Moses striking the rock bore allusion to Mr. Allen's profits by working the quarries. Supposing the date to admit, may we not consider that the idea originated with the fertile imagination of Warburton, occupied as his mind was with the miraculous history of the inspired lawgiver? "There is a gothic building at the top, or rather at one side of the pleasure ground, which was intended for the head gardener, but which is really a comfortable and elegant dwelling for a small genteel family, and has lately been rented by many people of fortune."

Mr. Allen also possessed a town house in Bath of some architectural pretension, still standing, though obscured from view, between York street and Lilliput alley. Amongst the erections attributed to him must also be reckoned one, more honoured than admired,

the fantastic building called *Sham Castle*. Another perpetration of a similar character — *The Monument* — in what is called the Mile Field, near Prior Park (which reflects equal discredit on the taste of its projector), is attributable, not to Mr. Allen, but to bishop Warburton. Its only redeeming feature is the purpose for which it was erected, viz., to do honour to the memory of his benefactor; in order to which a slab over the door (extant within my memory, but long since destroyed), bore the following simply elegant inscription from the pen of bishop Hurd :

Memoriæ Sacrum
Optimi viri Radulphi Allen :
Qui virtutem veram simplicemque colis,
Venerare hoc Saxum.

No man ever made a more noble use of an ample fortune than Mr. Allen. His generosity was unbounded. He contributed largely to all *public*, and set apart £1,000 a year for *private* charities. Wherever he went he considered how he could do most good. When he had purchased Bathampton, he rebuilt the body of the church, adding a small aisle for his own family. It appears from a parochial account, with a sight of which I have been favoured by Philip Sheppard, esq., churchwarden of Bathampton, that a bill for the stone was brought in by Mr. Allen. But, as he was the chief landholder and paymaster of the parish, this detracts but little from his liberality. The expense of the rebuilding was a little above £500. Some years afterwards, when Dr. Warburton (who had married Mr. Allen's niece, Miss Gertrude Tucker,) was made dean of Bristol, Mr. Allen built a new front to the deanery; and when Dr. Warburton became bishop of Gloucester,

ter, he (Mr. Allen) made extensive improvements at the bishop's palace at Gloucester. In the year 1758, Mr. Allen purchased the manor of Claverton, where, after having repaired, improved, and built a gallery in the church, finding that the rector had several young gentlemen of family and fortune under his care, and a very indifferent old house for their accommodation, Mr. Allen offered to build him a room, which he immediately did, erecting one 25 feet by 16 feet, with two bed-chambers over it, which, he observed, would serve for a school as long as he continued in that employment, and might afterwards be converted into a good parlour, as it is at present (about 1800). That parlour and the picturesque rectory which contained it have recently given place to a more elegant and commodious building; but the image of both will remain indelibly impressed on the minds of those who, like myself, have enjoyed the social and intellectual pleasures dispensed there by the Marriott family forty years ago.

Mr. Allen lived in so noble and hospitable a manner that no one distinguished by rank, learning or eminence in any profession or public employment came to Bath but was either invited to, or introduced at, Prior Park. Mr. Pope was almost a constant inmate in the family during the Bath season for many years. This intimacy commenced previous to the year 1736, and originated in the high opinion of Pope, formed by Mr. Allen on reading his first volume of letters, which led him to offer to print a second volume at his own expense. To these circumstances attestation is borne by Pope's letter to Allen; *Works*, vol. vi. p. 320, edit. 1770. During one of his visits, Mr. Pope being one day at dinner, had a letter delivered to him

by the servant, on which, having inspected it, he shook his head; and on Mr. Allen asking what was the matter, he answered that a Lincolnshire clergyman, to whom he had very great obligation, was coming to make him a visit at Twickenham. "If that be all," said Mr. Allen, "invite him to come hither. Let him come to Chippenham in the stage coach, and we will send our carriage to meet him, and bring him to Prior Park." The Lincolnshire clergyman was Warburton, then the simple incumbent of Brand Broughton, in that county. In a letter to Warburton, dated from Prior Park, November 22, 1741, Pope says,—*"Yours is very full and very kind: it is a friendly and very satisfactory answer, and all I can desire. Do but instantly fulfil it. Only I hope this will find you before you set out. For I think, on all considerations, your best way will be to take London in your way. You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the master of this house, and by sharing with me what I think one of the chief satisfactions of my life—his friendship."* Of this invitation Warburton did not fail to avail himself. On the 3rd March 1742 we find him writing as follows to Dr. Doddridge: *"In November Mr. Pope sent me so pressing an invitation to come to him at Mr. Allen's, near Bath, seconded by so kind an invitation of that good man, that I could not decline a long, tedious, winter journey by London. I stayed at Widcome in the most agreeable retired society with two excellent persons, so very dear to me, till after the Christmas holidays."* This was the *"tide in the affairs"* of that remarkable man, which he *"took at its flood,"* and which *"led him on to fortune."* So successfully did he cultivate this advantageous introduction, that, in 1746, Mr. Allen gave him in marriage his favourite

niece, Miss Gertrude Tucker. In 1757, through Mr. Allen's influence with Mr. Pitt, he was appointed to the deanery of Bristol; and, in 1760, through the same interest, became bishop of Gloucester.

Before Mr. Pope's death, which took place in 1744, a coldness subsisted between him and Mr. Allen, for which different causes were assigned. Some said it proceeded from a supposed slight shown by Mr. Allen to Pope's friend, Miss M. Blount, in refusing her his carriage, when mayor, to take her to the Roman Catholic chapel; others from a misunderstanding between Miss Blount and Mrs. Allen; others, again, from Mr. Allen refusing Pope either the possession, or more probably the use, of the manor house at Bath Hampton. The cause, however, has never yet been satisfactorily made out, and perhaps never will be. Mr. Polwhele says: "With a sister of Mr. Allen, Mrs. Elliot, who lived at Truro, I was well acquainted; and I remember various stories with which the old lady used to entertain me, when a school-boy, about Pope and herself making verses together at Prior Park, and Pope and Miss Blount occasioning much uneasiness to Mr. Allen, in consequence of what Dr. Johnson calls her 'indecent arrogance.'" According to Mrs. Elliot's statement the quarrel above alluded to lay between Mrs. Allen and that insolent lady. Whatever was the cause, a coldness, as I have said, though not amounting to an open rupture, did certainly take place between Pope and Allen. Both these points are attested in Pope's will, wherein, after leaving the bulk of his printed books to Mr. Allen and bishop Warburton, or the survivor of them, he adds the following item:

"In case R. Allen, esq., above said, shall survive me, I order my executors to pay him the sum of £150,

being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him, partly for my own and partly for charitable uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way I am persuaded he will not dislike—to the benefit of the Bath Hospital.”

It is said that Allen, in handing over the money to the charity, remarked that Pope was always a bad accountant, and that if he had added another cypher he would have been nearer the mark.

Another occasional guest of Mr. Allen's was the amiable, talented, and accomplished, but most unfortunate Charles Yorke, second son of the first lord Hardwicke, whose sudden and mysterious death, immediately on having attained, through the offices of the solicitor and attorney-general, the highest object of his earthly ambition—the Seals—horried the public mind, and wrung the hearts of so many admiring friends. Having, in 1770, at a critical period of public affairs, at the urgent entreaty of George III., accepted office as chancellor, contrary to a pledge given to his party, his acute sensibility was so wounded on encountering from them the “altered eye of hard unkindness,” that, in the first agonies of chagrin and despair, he went home, and died suddenly, it was reported by the bursting of a blood vessel, at the early age of 48. A life of this distinguished person is still a desideratum. As a lawyer and a politician his character has been ably given by lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*; but we look in vain for the lineaments of the ripe scholar, and the man of feeling and refinement.

In a letter to bishop Warburton, dated Wimpole, September 30, 1746, Mr. Yorke alludes, in the follow-

ing terms, to a recent visit at Prior Park: "I was extremely sorry to be deprived of your company at a time and place which would have heightened the enjoyment to me. Indeed nothing could have made amends for this loss in any tolerable degree but the great kindness and politeness with which I was received by the owners themselves of Prior Park. The *natural* beauties of wood, water, and prospect, hill and dale, wilderness and cultivation, make it one of the most delightful spots I ever saw, without adding anything from *art*. The elegance and judgment with which *art* has been employed, and the affectation of false grandeur carefully avoided, make one wonder how it could be so busy there without spoiling anything received from *nature*. But even scenes of this kind, which had *alone* made *other* places agreeable in my journey, were the least of its charms to me. I soon found those scenes animated by the presence of the master; the tranquillity and harmony of the whole only reflecting back the image of his own temper, an appearance of wealth and plenty with plainness and frugality, and yet no one envying, because all are warmed into friendship and gratitude by the rays of his benevolence."

I may mention that I am in possession of a collection of unpublished letters and extracts of letters from this excellent person to bishop Warburton, which bear ample testimony to his high qualities, both intellectual and moral.

Still another visitor at Prior Park was Thomas Potter, second son of the archbishop of Canterbury, a political character of some note, attached to the principles of Mr. Pitt. He was appointed secretary to Frederick prince of Wales, which post he held until the prince's death in 1751. He was successively M.P.

for St. Germain's, Aylesbury and Oakhampton, and distinguished himself in some of the stirring debates of his times. He was made joint vice-treasurer of Ireland, and died in June 1759. In a letter to Mr. Pitt, dated May 1756, without date of place, but evidently from Prior Park, he says :

"The scenes at Prior Park change every hour ; but the worthy owner has a heart that cannot change. The present joy at the birth of an heir [Ralph Allen Warburton, son of the bishop, died July 28th 1775, aged 19,] does not respite the labours of the gardener. Half the summer will show the bridge ; the dairy opens to the lake ; vast woods have taken possession of the naked hills, and the lawns slope uninterrupted to the valleys."

Among Mr. Allen's occasional visitors is also to be reckoned Thomas Edwards the critic, author of *Canons of Criticism*, then an officer in the army. D'Israeli in his *Quarrels of Authors* gives the following amusing anecdote connected with him : "Warburton and Edwards having met at Mr. Allen's house at Bath (no doubt Prior Park), literary subjects formed the usual conversation. Warburton, not suspecting the red-coat of covering any Greek, showed his accustomed dogmatical superiority. Once, when the controversy was running high, Edwards, taking down a Greek author, explained a passage in a manner quite contrary to Warburton. He did, unluckily, something more : he showed that Warburton's mistake had arisen from having used a French translation ! And all this before Ralph Allen and his niece Miss Gertrude Tucker, whom Warburton afterwards married. The doughty critic was at once silenced in sullen indignation and mortal hatred. To this circumstance is attributed

Edwards's *Canons of Criticism* (a keen satire upon Warburton's edition of *Shakespeare*), which was followed up by Warburton with incessant attacks; in every new edition of *Pope*, in the *Essay on Criticism*, and in the *Dunciad*."—Vol. i. pp. 91-92 Note.

To resume Mr. Graves's personal reminiscences:—
 "As Mr. Allen paid the same regard to genius and merit of every kind, as to rank and fortune; together with Dr. Warburton I met, at Prior Park, Mr. William Hoare the painter, who so long presided at the head of his profession at Bath; and who was not only one of the most virtuous, friendly and inoffensive men, but one of the best classical scholars, both in Greek and Latin, with whom I was ever acquainted. Mr. Fielding also, who then lived at Twerton (in the first house on the right hand, with a spread eagle over the door, now inhabited by Mr. Williams, a respectable brewer), dined almost daily at Prior Park, while he was writing his novel of *Tom Jones*; in return for which hospitality he complimented Mr. Allen—in conjunction with his other patrons, John duke of Bedford and George lord Lyttleton—in the character of Allworthy, though disguised with many fictitious circumstances. In *Joseph Andrews* also, that character is introduced as thus referring to the good deeds and celebrated mansion of Mr. Allen: 'Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard Squire Pope the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al—Al—; I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses. This gentleman had built up a stately house, too, which the Squire likes very well. But his charity is seen further than his house, though it stands on a hill;

aye, and brings him more honour too." "It is certain," says Fielding's late biographer, Mr. Lawrence, "that Fielding frequently received assistance from Mr. Allen in his difficulties; and when death deprived his widow and children of their protector, that generous patron became a father to the fatherless, superintending the education of the children; and at his decease, which occurred just ten years after Fielding left England, bequeathed to the family an annuity of £100 a year. He is said to have sent him a present of two hundred guineas before he had any personal knowledge of him."

Amelia (published A.D. 1751) was dedicated by Fielding to his generous friend, from whom he had received so much pecuniary assistance and valuable counsel. The novel, he observed, was "sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which then infested the country The best man," he continues, "is the properest patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public voice, I think, be now divided to whom they will give that appellation. Should a letter, indeed, be thus addressed, 'DETUR OPTIMO,' there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction." Strong as these expressions may appear, they flowed from the heart of the writer, and if applicable to any human being they may fairly be taken to have been so to the noble-minded personage to whom they were addressed.

"Amongst others," continues Mr. Graves, "I dined there with Sir J. Cope, who commanded the royal army when defeated at Preston Pans, and who outrid the express, and arrived at St. James's before the

courier despatched to inform his majesty of that event ; on which occasion the king observed, that 'he was the first general he ever heard of who brought the news of his own defeat ;' and immediately turned his back upon him. When the news of the day was mentioned at table, Sir J. Cope said, 'Aye, so it is written ; but you must never believe anything you read in the newspapers :' in hopes of invalidating the truth of the above-mentioned transaction. It was then well known that Flora M'Donald, who attended the prince in this expedition, called a runaway horse which she rode 'Johnny Cope.' About the year 1752, I met Mr. Richardson in Mr. Leaks, the bookseller's, parlour (whose sister Richardson had married), who told me he was going to dine with Mr. Allen, at Prior Park. 'Twenty years ago,' said he, 'I was the most obscure man in Great Britain ; and now I am admitted to the company of the first characters in the kingdom. I would have persuaded your cousin, Miss Chapone (who was then in Bath) to accompany me to Prior Park, but she said she should not like to go amongst strangers. I told her,' added he, 'that we were all strangers before we were acquainted.' At the first visit which I made at Prior Park I met Dr. Warburton for the first time, whom I ventured to pronounce one of the politest men I had ever seen. Those who only know him as engaged in controversy may be surprised at this. But I found him so attentive to every one who spoke, particularly to myself, who am the worst of all possible speakers,* setting everything that I said in the clearest light, and, in short, paying such a deference to his inferiors, as most of the company were,

* A contemporary describes him as "stuttering and speaking thick."

(for he was then dean of Bristol), that he had certainly a claim to the character of a polite man, if destitute of superficial gentleness of manner. Indeed, when contradicted or opposed, his antagonist would probably have no reason to triumph, as appeared on many occasions. It must be owned, likewise, that he treated some of his most respectable adversaries, as Dr. Stebbing, for instance, and Dr. Grey [Mr. Graves might have added bishop Lowth] with too much haughtiness and contempt. When Mr. Allen gave an entertainment to the corporation on Mr. Pitt being chosen M.P. for Bath, Dr. Warburton sat at the head of the table. An old bencher of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Keck, to whom I sat opposite, was telling a gentleman who had asked him whom they had got for a preacher, now Dr. Warburton had resigned, 'Oh! we have now the finest preacher in England, Dr. Asheton.' 'Yes, Sir,' said Warburton, who overheard him, 'I would have recommended a man of some learning to you, but you were determined to have a mob preacher.' Poor Keck drew in his horns, and made no reply."

The above testimony to the general amenity of the bishop's manners in society is supported by that of both friends and opponents.' Bishop Hurd, in his biographical sketch of the bishop, remarks: "In private with his friends, he was natural, easy, unpretending; at once the most agreeable and useful of companions." And D'Israeli, in his *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 134, says: "The arrogant and vituperative Warburton was only such in his assumed character; for in still, domestic life, he was the creature of benevolence, touched by generous passions." And I have heard the same account from the lips of the late Rev. Martin Stafford Smith, the bishop's

chaplain. We may here observe, how remarkable a contrast Warburton's character offers to that of his great contemporary Dr. Johnson, the grave dignity of whose writings was often antagonized by roughness and want of courtesy in common life. Amongst Warburton's other qualities was that of an excellent letter writer.

In 1752 Mr. Allen had the distinguished honour of receiving the princess Amelia as a visitor at Prior Park. Nor must we in glancing over the group of visitants at this mansion omit him, to whose reminiscences this paper is so much indebted — the Rev. Richard Graves, for more than fifty years rector of Claverton, the friend of Shenstone, and author of *The Spiritual Quixote*. This amiable and gifted person, whose early habituation to refined society, constant good humour and sprightly sallies, made him an acceptable companion wherever he went, must have been a most welcome addition to the circle of Prior Park, in which both his birth and breeding entitled him to take his place on a footing of social equality with its highest occasional inmates.

Steadily pursuing the cultivation of his interests in Bath, Mr. Allen at length gained the complete control of the city. Much low buffoonery was circulated on the influence he had acquired over the corporation. A ludicrous caricature was published, called the "One-headed Corporation;" wherein, amidst an assembly of figures intended for the mayor, aldermen, and common council, each marked by the appropriate emblem of his profession, a single monstrous head is discerned, to which all the others are doing obeisance. As Mr. Allen's object, however, was to *use* the corporation, and not to *serve* them, he carefully and wisely avoided

becoming their representative, and contented himself with pointing out to them whom they should choose for that purpose. This reign of influence continued for many years.

Though Mr. Allen had only a writing-school education, yet his natural good parts, improved by conversing much with men of learning and taste, and with persons in the higher walks of life, had given him a manner of expressing himself with great correctness, using many hard words, as they are called, which had of late years been introduced into our familiar conversation. Mr. Allen always preserved great decorum in attending the public worship in his chapel, into which the family entered from the long gallery in the attic story of the house. "This chapel," continues Mr. Graves, "is an elegant building, adorned with an altar-piece of the Ascension by Van Deest. He had a chaplain, who resided in the family. The Bible made use of in the chapel is that which bishop Atterbury gave to Pope when he took leave of him on going into banishment, as is mentioned by Pope in his letters. Bishop Warburton, Pope's executor, I suppose presented it to Mr. Allen."

"Mr. Allen was censured by some people as having treated with unbecoming haughtiness a very worthy nobleman of the very first family in England. The case was this: Prior Park and its pleasure grounds having become an object of curiosity to all strangers who came to Bath, Mr. Allen was under a necessity of fixing one day in the week on which company might be admitted to see it. Lord S——k having been a little time in Bath, and being obliged to leave it before Thursday (the public day), sent his servant, out of livery, with his request to see the pleasure grounds

on Wednesday ; to which Mr. Allen returned only a single negative — ‘No.’ Now the truth was, Mr. Allen, being an immediate tenant of the Crown, had promoted an association in Bath in the year 1745 in favour of Government, and lord S——k being suspected of having discouraged any association in his neighbourhood, Mr. Allen did not think it advisable, even on so trifling an occasion, to show his lordship any particular mark of respect.”

“After Mr. Allen had purchased Claverton, in the year 1758, as I mentioned,” continues Mr. Graves, “he was so much pleased with the romantic situation and with the manor house, that he brought most of his company to see it, and generally dined there once a week. I dined there more than once with Mrs. Fielding, the author of *David Simple*, *The Cry*, and some other works. She was sister to Henry Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*. Mr. Allen very kindly allowed her £100 a year.” This is probably another version of his liberality to Fielding’s family mentioned before. “I spent an agreeable afternoon there with Dr. Warburton, Dr. Hurd and Mr. Mason. The two former seemed to have a great regard for Mr. Mason ; but, with great good nature, rallied him by allusions to some eccentricities to which poets are so frequently subject.” One of these might have been his immoderate addiction to snuff taking. I remember hearing my uncle, Richard Kilvert, prebendary of Worcester and rector of Hartlebury, who was domestic chaplain to bishop Hurd, say that on Mason’s visits at Hartlebury Castle, when his valet had made him presentable for the dinner table, before dinner was over he was begrimed from nose to knees with Scotch snuff. The amiable and accomplished bishop Hurd seems to have been held

in high and deserved esteem at Prior Park. Bishop Warburton, writing from thence to one of his friends in 1761, speaks thus of that excellent prelate, then only a private clergyman: "You would be very happy in Mr. Hurd, whose genius and learning, though of the highest rate, is his least praise. The clearness of his virtue, and the gentleness of his manners make him the idol of his friends." His appreciation at Prior Park is evidenced by his having been engaged, I believe, by a personal promise to Mr. and Mrs. Allen, to perform the funeral service at their interment. This promise was, I think, fulfilled in Mr. Allen's case, but not in that of Mrs. Allen, through bishop and Mrs. Warburton's consideration for Mr. Hurd's health and convenience.

For the following political incident, which bears an important reference to Mr. Allen, I am indebted to lord Mahon's *History of England*:

On occasion of the unpopular peace of Paris in 1763, addresses in its favour were eagerly solicited by men in office from the various corporate bodies. One such was sent up by that of Bath, in which Mr. Allen was the innocent cause of embroilment between Mr. Pitt, then member for Bath, and his constituents. It proved that in their address the corporation had applied to the peace the term "*adequate*," which Mr. Pitt deemed a reflection upon himself, who had repeatedly called it "*inadequate*." This term, it afterwards appeared, had been inserted hastily, without any offensive view, by Mr. Allen, as leading member of the corporation. To him Mr. Pitt now addressed a letter, declaring that he would never stand again for Bath: "Give me leave, my dear good sir, plainly to confess that I perceive I am ill qualified to form pretensions to the future favour of gentlemen who are come to think so differently

from me on matters of the highest importance." Mr. Allen, much mortified and grieved, answered Pitt by special express, imploring him to forego his resolution. Pitt, however, persevered; and the letters which had passed on this occasion were, as he desired, made public. So great was Mr. Allen's concern, that he not only resigned his seat in the corporation, but withdrew from any further part in public affairs until his death, which happened in the ensuing year. It was supposed at the time, though without foundation, that in the address which Mr. Allen had framed, he had been instigated by bishop Warburton. — *Lord Mahon*, vol. v. pp. 40, 41.

The letters above referred to, which bear date June 1763, are reprinted in the *Chatham Correspondence*. In *his* part of the correspondence Mr. Pitt, while steadily adhering to his purpose of withdrawing from the representation of Bath, speaks with the greatest personal respect and affection of Mr. Allen; and in one to bishop Warburton, dated September the same year, he says: "I cannot conclude my letter without expressing my sensible concern at Mr. Allen's uneasiness. No incident can make the least change in the honour and love I bear him, or in the justice my heart does to his humane and benevolent virtues." These sentiments, equally honourable to Mr. Allen and to his great friend, are still more expressly testified in the following letter of Mr. Pitt to Mrs. Allen, on the occasion of Mr. Allen's death in the following year. Mr. Allen died on the 29th of June, and on the 4th of July Mr. Pitt writes:

I trust you will pardon this early intrusion upon affliction from one who truly feels your irreparable misfortune, together with a sincere solicitude for your situation. Your share in the general loss I do not attempt to put into words.

I will only say that, in Mr. Allen, mankind has lost such a benevolent and tender friend, that I fear not all the example of his virtues will have power to raise up to the world his like again. Admiring his life, and regretting the shortness of it, I shall ever respectfully cherish his memory, and rank the continuation of the favourable opinion and friendship of a truly good man amongst the happiest advantages and the first honours which fortune may have bestowed upon my life. — *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 289.

To this point of time belongs the following interesting letter of Samuel Derrick, M.C. of Bath, extracted from the collection of his letters, two vols. 12mo. 1767, which I will read *in extenso*, although it involves a slight repetition of some particulars before noticed.

Bath, May 10, 1763.

To ———,

I have had an opportunity of visiting Mr. Allen in the train of the French ambassador. He is a very grave, well-looking old man, plain in his dress, resembling that of a Quaker, and courteous in his behaviour. I suppose he cannot be much under seventy. His wife is low, with grey hair, of a very pleasing address, and a countenance that prejudices you much in her favour. The character of this couple is very amiable. They are the parents of the industrious poor, the protectors of the really distressed, and the nourishers of distressed genius. Pope had obligations to Mr. Allen; he visited him in this country; his regard will live for ever in his epistle *On the Use of Riches*, inscribed to this gentleman.

You cannot forget that *Tom Jones* was dedicated to him by Fielding, to whom he was a great friend; and, before he personally knew him, sent him a present of £200 in consideration of his merit; nor had he any other solicitations to this act of kindness than his own heart. It is no reproach to Mr. Allen that he is not a man of family; his virtues

would do honour to any ; and he is, therefore, the more highly to be respected.

He seems to have considered that no man is born for himself ; that virtue consists in action, and is rewarded with honour. He deserves the reward. He gave all the stone of every kind used in the building of the hospital of Bath gratis, ready cut and formed for immediate use.

This gentleman's house, which is a very noble structure, stands on the brow of a pretty high hill, with a north view of this city, which it deliciously commands. It consists of a good dwelling and a wing of offices united to it on each side by a most elegant corridor. It has a spacious hall and a handsome staircase.

I am no great admirer of a gallery up one pair of stairs, which runs almost the whole length of the house, and is, in my opinion, too narrow ; its terminations are an apartment in which Mr. Allen sits to dispatch business, and a good gallery or pew looking into the one of the neatest chapels I ever saw, where the family constantly attend divine service.

There is no kind of conveniency that a man can wish for but is here to be found. Before the house is a handsome lawn with a statue of general Wade, upon a pedestal, in a Roman habit, grasping a truncheon. The ground about is charmingly disposed and improved ; the gardens well watered and laid out in taste ; and Mr. Allen has planted a vast number of firs in the neighbourhood, which thrive well. The ride bordering round the grounds, which he has enclosed, is fourteen or fifteen miles in extent, in which your views of the city, river and adjacent country, are every minute so varied, that to me it wears the appearance of fairy-ground ; nothing can be more enchanting.

It is a great favour to be admitted to traverse these delicious boundaries. I have known it refused to people of high quality ; and had I not had, from my situation, the honour of being guide to his excellency the duc de Nivernois, I believed it would never have been my lot.

Mr. Allen is supposed to have made a large fortune by the many quarries of white stone in his possession, from which, as being nearest to this city, most of the new buildings have been supplied ; but in reality, say those who pretend to know better, he owes his fortune to the cross-posts, of which he was the inventor, and which he farms from the post office, the management of all the cross-posts in this kingdom being under his direction.

I am, &c.

This letter was supplied to me by the kindness of Dr. Wilbraham Falconer.

Mr. Allen was coming to reside at Claverton for a few months while some alterations and painting of the rooms at Prior Park were going on ; but in the spring of the year 1764, he was prevailed on to undertake a journey to London, though he had laboured under a complaint for some years, which made travelling irksome to him. They proceeded as far as Maidenhead bridge, at the west end of which Mr. Allen had built the room with the bow window, and the room over it. Here they found it necessary to halt for some days, when, finding his malady increase, they returned by short stages to Prior Park, where, on the 29th June 1764, he terminated his useful life in the 71st year of his age. He was buried in the churchyard of Claverton, where a pyramidal monument is erected over his remains, according to a plan which he left behind, with a short plain epitaph expressive of his faith in the redemption and mediation of Christ :

Beneath this monument lieth entomb'd the body of Ralph Allen, Esq., of Prior Park, who departed this life the 29th day of June, 1764, in the 71st year of his age, in full hopes of everlasting happiness in another state, through the infinite merit and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

And of Elizabeth Holder, his second wife, who died 20th Sept., 1766, aged 68.

The estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries may be gathered from the following lines, composed by the Reverend Richard Graves, probably at the time the monument was erected :

O'er ALLEN'S dust what needs the pious care
To raise yon splendid structure high in air ?
How vain these efforts to adorn a name
So long recorded in the rolls of fame !
The great, the good, the friend of human kind, —
If such may hope a just return to find,
His virtuous acts through distant ages spread
Shall live, when tombs are vanished with their dead.
Yet hold — perhaps in emblematic style
Some artist planned this pyramidal pile ;
As from its spreading base the aspiring cone,
Towards heaven high raised, directs the pointed stone,
Thus Allen's generous deeds still glorious rise,
Wide spread on earth, all pointing to the skies.

Mr. Allen's principal testamentary dispositions were as follows: Prior Park was left to Mrs. Warburton for life. Bishop Warburton having died in 1779, in 1781 she was remarried to the Rev. Martin Stafford Smith, who had been chaplain to the bishop. On her death in 1796, without issue (her only child, Ralph Allen Warburton, having died before her), it came, under the will of Mr. Allen, to Cornwallis Maude, viscount Hawarden and baron de Montalt, whose second wife was Mary, daughter of Philip Allen, postmaster of Bath, and a niece of Mr. Allen. That lady died in 1775, leaving one son, Thomas Ralph, who on his father's death in 1803, succeeded to the peerage, and was himself succeeded in 1807, by his half-brother, Cornwallis.

The property was afterwards sold to Chandler Browne, esq., and it subsequently passed, by further purchase, to Mr. John Thomas of Bristol, and by his heir was sold to its late Roman Catholic possessors, under whose directions the elegant simplicity of the original design was sadly marred by the erection of various additional buildings necessary for its conversion into a theological college. Much of the interior was consumed by a destructive fire which occurred on the 30th of May, 1836, although the external appearance of the mansion is but little altered. A Roman Catholic cathedral was commenced in the rear of the building, but is now a ruin. The mansion is at present the residence and property of Thomas Thompson, esq.

The Bathampton property descended in the male line, having been devised to Mr. Allen's brother Philip, postmaster of Bath, who was succeeded in it by his son Ralph, father of the late George Edward and Henry Allen, a son of the latter of whom is the present possessor.

The Claverton estate and some property in Widcombe parish were, within my recollection, in the possession of Allen Tucker, son of captain Tucker, Mr. Allen's nephew, who died in 1816. The Claverton property was afterwards sold to the Vivian family.

With regard to the alliances of Mr. Allen's family, the Daniells of Trelissick, in the county of Cornwall, are connected with the Allens by the marriage in 1754 of Thomas Daniell of Truro, with Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Philip Elliott, esq., who had married Mr. Allen's sister.

The Marriott family, late of Claverton, are also allied to the Allens; captain Tucker, Mr. Allen's ne-

phew, having married an aunt of the Rev. Harvey Marriott, late rector of Claverton, and now vicar of Loddiswell, Devon.

Having thus conducted Mr. Allen from his cradle to his tomb, by the aid of such glimmering lights as notices chiefly incidental have afforded me, it may not unreasonably be expected that I should briefly describe his personal appearance, and attempt a short estimate of his character.

With respect to his person, judging from his pictures, several of which are extant (one lately presented by the liberality of James Brymer, esq., to the General Hospital), he appears to have been above the middle size, strongly built, and in later life inclining to corpulency. His countenance grave and thoughtful, and his attitude denoting a steady and sedate demeanour. His dress, in an age delighting in gay colours and expensive materials, consisted in a plain suit of broad-cloth, generally of a dark colour, with linen equally plain. In his equipage he maintained a certain state and dignity suitable to his mansion, his visitors, and his general style of living; driving commonly into Bath, as is reported, in his coach and four.

Before attempting a moral estimate, it may not be amiss to exhibit his character as sketched by a friendly and by an unfriendly hand. The first is that of bishop Hurd, who in his *Life of Bishop Warburton* says :

Mr. Allen was a man of plain good sense, and the most benevolent temper. He rose to great consideration by farming the cross-posts, which he put into the admirable order in which we now find them (1788), very much to the public advantage, as well as to his own. He was of that generous composition that his mind enlarged with his fortune; and the wealth he so honourably acquired he spent in a splendid

hospitality and the most extensive charities. His house, in so public a scene as that of Bath, was open to all men of rank and worth, and especially to men of distinguished parts and learning, whom he honoured and encouraged, and whose respective merits he was enabled to appreciate by a natural discernment and superior good sense, rather than any acquired use and knowledge of letters. His domestic virtues were above all praise. With these qualities he drew to himself universal respect, and possessed in a high degree the esteem of Mr. Pope, who in one of his *Moral Essays* has done justice to his modest and amiable character.

The other estimate is by Mr. Thicknesse, who in his *Prose Bath Guide*, before quoted, says :

Mr. Allen was *said* to bear his great prosperity with humility, and to conduct all business with the utmost probity. That he affected a simplicity of manners and address we can testify ; but we can by no means allow that he was not a man deeply charged with pride, and without address enough to conceal it. His plain quaker-coloured suit of clothes, and shirt sleeves with only a chitterling up the slit, might and did deceive the vulgar eye ; but he could not bear to let Pope who was often his visitor call him, what was true, "Low-born Allen," but made him substitute in its place that which was false, "Humble Allen." [Lord Mahon also, speaking of this alteration, calls it "a proof that in some quarter pride was lurking."—*Hist. of Eng.*, vol. v. p. 42.] He was not, however, mean ; for we once ate a most magnificent dinner at his table, served to thirty persons, off Dresden china, and he seemed to take infinite pains to show his munificence in all respects.

From these testimonies, and from traits scattered up and down in this paper, supported by the evidence of facts recorded in it, we shall have no difficulty in arriving at an impartial conclusion respecting Mr. Allen's character.



He appears, then, to have possessed very considerable natural parts, and especially that master-faculty of conceiving great and original ideas, combined (which is not always the case) with judgment, energy, and perseverance in carrying them out. This was especially seen in his conceptions of the extension of the cross-posts, and of opening the extensive stone quarries on Combe Down. He must also have had much native good taste to have enjoyed his intercourse with the men of science and literature whom he drew around him ; and also to have appeared with any advantage as the host of those persons of rank and breeding who courted his society. Of the fine arts he certainly possessed at least a perception and a relish. This is abundantly proved by Pope's letters addressed to him. To this must have been added sagacity and penetration into character, as well as skill and tact in the management both of individuals and bodies of men. In proof of this we may appeal to the influence he established and so long maintained over the corporation of Bath. That he was munificent in his charities, both public and private, is incontestable ; and that these proceeded from real benevolence of heart we have no right to question. If the honest consciousness of having been, under God, the architect of his own fortune was somewhat tinged with "pride which apes humility ;" if his generosity was occasionally a little alloyed by ostentation ; if his left hand was sometimes allowed to know what his right hand did ; let us reflect, that to be actuated by mixed motives is the common lot of humanity ; and that *he* only is entitled, in this case, to cast the first stone, who can lay his hand on his heart and confidently affirm that all his own motives are pure and without alloy.

Upon a general survey of his character and circumstances, we may justly fear that Bath will not "look upon his like again." Hitherto at least, no one since his time has left behind the same traces of himself which he has done. At the distance of a century he still stands out in bold relief as "The Man of Bath," conspicuous for public utility and private munificence. As such let him receive the honour due to one who has stamped an abiding impress on the sands of time, in the admiring reverence of his fellow citizens.

We remember where the poet has placed those illustrious names —

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

Virg. Æn. VI., 633-4.

Who by new arts life's uses have improved,
And for good deeds are honoured and beloved.

If elysium was justly assigned in heathen times to such benefactors of their species, we may humbly hope that, under a better dispensation, a higher and holier allotment has, on both accounts, through merits not his own, been awarded to RALPH ALLEN.

NOTES, &c.

Since compiling the foregoing account of Mr. Allen, I have been favoured by Mr. Jeffery, of Bath, bookbinder, with a sight of a paper, from which the following particulars are extracted. Though evidently written by an unlettered person, and copied from a torn fragment placed in the hands of Mr. Jeffery by one of his apprentices, the paper bears such strong internal evidence of truth that, having reached me too late for the insertion of the different particulars in their proper places, I have thought fit to add it in the form of an appendix to my essay.

F. K.

The paper is prefaced by the following account of the writer :

"Richard Jones, born 1703, clerk of the works to Allen, entered Allen's service in 1731, and continued till Allen's death in 1764. He planned the carriage road for the conveyance of stone from the quarries on Combe Down to the yard at the Dolemeads. In the year 1767 he was appointed city surveyor, constructed the new markets, and laid the stone for the new town hall 1769, and filled that office to 1771. He was father of Mr. Jones, one of the sergeants-at-mace of the city for many years."

COPY FROM JONES'S DIARY.

About the year 1725 Mr. Allen carried on great works. A Bath man, named Jones, was engaged with him as clerk of his works in 1731, and continued with him in that capacity till his death in 1764. Allen constructed a carriage way from the quarries down to the river Avon, and had a stone-yard in the Dolemeads, from which he shipped yearly 1800 tons. Large sheds were erected in this yard to cut and

square the stone for the buildings going on in Bath. The first buildings constructed with stone supplied by Allen were two houses in the Abbey green ; the next a house for Mr. Harford in the Abbey churchyard ; the next were houses in the Grove, at that time called Upper Grove, and Shogler's buildings ; also the stone for Queen square, Wood street, North and South parades. The carriage road, cranes, and plant cost full £10,000. The stone for St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

First seven years' contract for the cross-posts, £2,000 ; second, £4,000 ; third, £6,000 ; and his last contract for life, £8,000. He held this forty years. Jones saw a stated account, twenty-six years before Allen's death, which showed a clear gain of £16,000 a year. General Wade was his bondsman to government.

He was brought to Bath by sir John Trevelyan. Married Wade's bastard daughter ; had one son, who died young. About the year 1752 bought Claverton manor of Skrine for £18,000. Made coach roads through all his lands to the extent of ten miles.

In addition to the Combe Down estate and Colthurst, he bought Parker's, reaching to the Burnt-house turnpike gate, westward. In 1740 he bought Hampton manor for £17,000. In 1742 planted the downs of Hampton and Claverton with firs.

The bridge in the park over the pond, built in 1755. Stone laid by Allen May 29th, same year. Sham castle built in 1762. Parade begun in 1739, on the site of Batt's gardens. 900 tons of stone required to bring the house at the park above ground. Wood, the architect. Warner planted in 1742. Prior Park seven years in building.

To the south of the house stood a pedestal on four steps. In the four panels were marble bas-reliefs of the works constructed by general Wade in Scotland ; representing the cutting and blasting of the rocks, when the roads were formed in the Highlands by him.

Shortly before he died he fixed upon the spot for his burial, and ordered Jones to make drawings for a monument, which Warburton would not [let] him finish as he wished. Five days before he died he desired the drawings should be sent him; and told Jones, if he lived any time longer he would see it built in his lifetime.

Newton bridge, built by Allen, cost £4000. 1732.

His clerk paid £100 in public and private charities. He generally had in his employ 100 persons.

In the year 1745 he raised a company of volunteers, and clothed them. His man Jones was lieutenant; and says, with much satisfaction: "We had two field days, and marched to Bath, and exercised in the Market Place, and gave great satisfaction." The company cost over £2000.

1772. Began the new prison.

1773. Prisoners taken in. Horton, mayor.

NOTE TO PAGE 147.

The following local tradition respecting the building of Prior Park was communicated by the late Mr. H. V. Lansdown of Bath, the well-known artist, a gentleman who had accumulated a large collection of reminiscences of Bath and its worthies of the olden time:

"When Mr. Allen had determined to build the present mansion at Prior Park, he sent for John Wood the architect, who waited upon him at the old post office in Lilliput Alley, where Allen then resided. 'I want you,' said Allen, 'to build me a country house on the Prior's estate at Widcombe.' Allen then described the sort of place he wished erected; but when he entered into the details, and talked about a private chapel, with a tribune for the family; a portico of gigantic dimensions; a grand entrance hall and wings of offices for coach houses, stables, &c.; the astonished architect began to think the postmaster had taken leave of his

senses : 'Have you, sir, sat down and counted the cost of building such a place?' 'I have,' replied Allen; 'and for some time past have been laying by money for the purpose.' 'But,' said Wood, 'the place you are talking about would be a palace and not a house; you have not the least idea of the money 'twould take to complete it.' 'Well,' rejoined Allen, 'come this way.' He then took him into the next room, and opening a closet door showed him a strong box : 'That box is full of guineas!' The architect shook his head. Allen opened another closet, and pointed to a second and a third. Wood still hesitated. 'Well,' said Allen, 'come into this room;' a fourth, a fifth are discovered. The architect now began to open his eyes with wonder. 'If we have not money enough here, come into this bedroom.' A sixth, a seventh, and, lo! an eighth appears. John Wood might well have exclaimed —

I'll see no more,

For perhaps, like Banquo's ghosts, you'll show a score.

Chuckling in his turn at the astonishment of the architect, Allen now inquired if the house *could* be built. 'I'll begin the plans immediately,' replied Wood; 'I see there is money enough to erect even a palace; and I'll build you a palace that shall be the admiration of all beholders!'"

The following letter, addressed to the writer by the late distinguished antiquary, Mr. Hunter, of the Record Office, is interesting from the genealogical information it affords, supplementary to the memoir of Ralph Allen, as well as for the literary gossip which it contains :

30, Torrington Square,

January 21, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. KILVERT,

I have read with great pleasure your account of Ralph Allen, by far the best that has ever been written. It

confirms me in a suspicion which had before arisen in my mind that I had made a mistake in the sum which Pope left to Allen, in saying it was £200 when it was really only £150. I wrote from memory of what I had read in the records of the hospital, where you will find at the very beginning an engagement in, I think, Allen's own hand, but certainly signed by him, to supply all the stone required for the building. His sarcastic remark I wrote on the authority of old Mr. Howse of Lyncombe, who had a good deal of Bath anecdote, which I should have done well to have preserved in writing, and not left to pass away with the life of him whose memory was perhaps the only depositary of it. You are now the Bath biographer, and I will tell you another of his stories, not supported however by any thing in the lately published volume on the *Life of Fielding*. His wife died at Twerton (so Mr. Howse's story ran), and on the evening of the day a friend met him at a party. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Fielding, for there was a report in Bath that your wife died this morning." "It is very true," was the reply; "and that is the very reason that I have come into town to join the pleasure party." Mr. Howse knew an old woman who lived above the Prior Park grounds, and who well remembered Pope visiting Mr. Allen. Indeed she must have been living to near the close of the century. The Bath notion was that Allen *induced* his niece, Miss Tucker, to marry Warburton. In Warburton's correspondence with Hurd is an exulting letter on the prospect of the union. I know not very exactly how it turned out; but Warburton cannot have been a very loveable person. We know but little of the son. I suppose captain Tucker, the brother of Mrs. Warburton, may once have been designed the heir of Prior Park. Critical writers of the history of the Allen family may like to preserve the following inscription, which I copied from a gravestone in the church of Ecclesfield, a few miles from Sheffield in Yorkshire:

Sarah, the wife of the Rev. James Dixon, vicar, died August 17th, 1814, aged 65 years. She was the daughter of Henry Horsfall, Esq., of Malsin Hall in Craven, and widow of Captain Tucker, of the Navy, who was the nephew of Ralph Allen, Esq., of Prior Park near Bath. She left many children by her last husband, who will never cease to lament her loss as the greatest misfortune of their lives.

I knew Mr. Dixon, and well remember the feeling terms in which he spoke of her to me some years after her death. I believe she brought him some fortune, but there was a large family and not a very abundant income. His son, I think the only son who grew up, John Horsfall Dixon, was about my age. I knew him slightly, but I lost sight of him when I left Yorkshire, and I believe he has been long dead. Several of the daughters married, but I fear not very prosperously.

You do not mention how the Montalt family were related to him. I believe, but do not vouch for it, that a brother of Allen was father of Philip Allen, who was in the post office, London (father of George Edward Allen whom you must have known, and of other sons and daughters); of Ralph Allen of Bath Hampton, who left only daughters; and of Miss Allen, who married sir Cornwallis Maude, lord Montalt. Why Allen preferred making her the heir in remainder in preference to her brothers who bore his name, is I suppose to be referred to the principle which led him to prefer the Tuckers and Warburtons before the Allens. Perhaps he foresaw that the Allens would not keep up Prior Park.

I believe captain Tucker had a son, Ralph Allen Tucker, but what became of him I know not. Probably he died in youth.

I am, dear sir,

very faithfully yours,

JOSEPH HUNTER.

ADDITIONAL ENGLISH
POEMS.

ADDITIONAL ENGLISH POEMS.

I.

LORD HUBERT.

LORD Hubert on his death-bed lies ;
 Still'd is each mournful sound,
 Save where some sob unbidden breaks
 From the sad throng around :

What tongue shall tell, what thought shall reach
 His throes of anguish keen,
 When at one glance his soul surveys
 His long life's fitful scene !

When every form and shade of sin
 Their deepening tints combine —
 Hatred of man, neglect of GOD,
 Contempt of things divine :

But never was HIS ceaseless love
 By our perverseness crost,
 Who stooped from His eternal throne
 To seek and save the lost ;

Oft at the eleventh hour, on man
 His goodness pity takes,
 And on the verge of death, a hell,
 The slumbering conscience, wakes.

Lord Hubert from his life-dream starts ;
Compunction stirs within,
And thoughts of prayer and penance strive
With inwrought stains of sin.

"Pray, pray," he cries, "ye loved ones pray ;
"Mine hour of strife is nigh ;
"Pray that the tempter's power may fail
"In my last agony."

E'en as he spake, the bugle blew ;
The warder ope'd the gate ;—
In weeds of weary travel dight,
A pilgrim form there sate ;

With beads and staff and cockle-shell,
And scrip of quaint design,
He seemed a votary of Saint James
From Compostella's shrine.

"Save thee, my son," the pilgrim cried,
"Thy master's case I know,
"And I, to minister in need
"To his soul's health, must go."

He hied him straightway up the stair,
And to the chamber came,
And with obsequious voice and low,
Pronounced *Lord Hubert's* name.

O GOD ! how wondrous are Thy works,
And past research Thy ways !
Out of the mouth of babes how oft
Hast Thou perfected praise !

Swift at the word, an infant-maid,
Lord Hubert's favourite child,
Who scanty twice three years had told,
Outspoke in accents wild :

"O lay me on my father's breast,
"For something whispers me,
"That against Satan's force and fraud
"His buckler I must be."

They laid her on her father's breast :
She threw her arms around
His wasted frame, and sternly thus
Spake forth with thrilling sound :

"O holy man, if, as thy garb
"And outward seeming tell,
"Thou art a holy man, and not
"A fiend, disguised from hell ;

"Confess the glory, grace, and power
"Of Him through whom I speak ;
"Fall on thy knees, — with us in prayer
"His holy presence seek ;

"Pray, that unto this parting soul
"May grace and strength be given,
"Through faith in Him who died for sin,
"To win its way to heaven."

Then on their knees in lowly guise
With one accord they fall,
And, with united heart and voice,
On GOD for mercy call :

Erect alone the pilgrim stood ;
Dark flashed his scornful eye,
And all his frame convulsive shook
With rage and agony :

Then, as the chaunt more loudly rose
Around the sick man's bed,
Forth from the scene with frenzied howl
Confest the demon sped.

Kindling with Faith and Hope and Love,
Ere prayers and praises cease
The freed soul 'midst their chorus fled ;—
Lord Hubert died in peace.

II.

BENNACHIE.

(Written at Keith Hall, N. B.)

O BENNACHIE ! O Bennachie !
Thou'lt aye be dear to me ;
The fairest day-dreams of my youth
Are a' bound up with thee ;
Where Gadie rins, where pearly Don
And Ury pour their tide,
There is nae sic a bonnie hill
In a' the country side.
O Bennachie !

At morn, when round thy topmost peak
White wreaths of mist are twined,
At e'en, when dark Cairn-William's brow
In golden light is shrined ;
When thou art bright in summer's sheen
Or capp'd by wintry snow,
Still at thy sight my pulse beats high,
My thoughts wi' rapture glow.
O Bennachie !

As from thy brow my glance I cast,
Wi' mingled pride and pain
The memory of the mighty past
Comes wildering o'er my brain ;
And forth at fancy's bidding throng
Those clansmen leal and true,
Who at thy foot the good claymore
For Scotland's freedom drew.
O Bennachie !

Foremost and first KEITH'S gallant race
In courts and camps renowned,
Whose sons aye shone wi' honour bright,
Whose dames pure virtue crowned ;
Who before kings for valour prized
And faith unblemished stood ;
Who sealed the charter of their line
Wi' forfeiture and blood.
O Bennachie !

Next GORDON wi' his challenge bold,
"Let fortune follow," came,
LESLIE and GRANT and ELPHINSTONE,
And FRASER'S honoured name ;

The pibroch thrills, the slogan peals, —
 Now fall the good and brave!
 Fair homesteads smoke, — the widow's wail
 Floats o'er her gudeman's grave.
 O Bennachie!

The trance is past, — the vision fled, —
 Now all is peace around;
 Clan smiles on clan, boon nature's gifts
 Spring scathless from the ground;
 Long may thy brow, time-honoured hill,
 Look o'er this tranquil scene,
 And may thy future still surpass
 What is, and what has been.
 O Bennachie!

III.

HERMAN OF THURINGIA.*

BLEST are GOD'S saints! nor with themselves
 Alone the blessing ends:
 To heirs unborn of holy sires
 Heaven's fostering care descends.

Queen Blanch sits in her hall of state,
 Her maidens ranged around,
 While pages deft, in gallant trim,
 The glittering circle bound.

* See Mrs. Jamieson *On Sacred and Legendary Art*,
 vol. iii. p. 334-5.

Unmark'd before, amid the throng
She spies a princely youth,
Whose towering brow the blazon bore
Of budding faith and truth.

And "Who," she cried, "O maidens, tell,
"Is he that meets mine eye,
"Whose port and mien so loudly speak
"Inborn nobility?"

"'Tis he," her maidens fair reply,
"Whom, joined in sweet accord,
"Hungaria's saint Elizabeth
"Bore to Thuringia's lord."

Then swift arose that pious queen
And from her place of pride
To where the page attendant stood
With eager footsteps hied :

She paused — and, as with melting eye
His lineaments she read,
Kindling with mournful memories,
Thus inly touch'd, she said :

"Thou had'st a sainted mother, youth,
"Now throned in bliss above :
"Where did that mother's lips impress
"The token of her love?"

His cheek suffused with mantling blush,
The graceful youth bent low ;
And pointed where the sacred sign
Had sealed his infant brow.

The queen, as on that hallowed spot
A mother's kiss she prest,
Felt all a mother's yearning throes
Awake within her breast :

Then heavenward as she raised her eyes,
Her orison was this :
" Patrona nostr', Elizabeth,
" Orato pro nobis.

" Pray, that to crown my fond desire,
" Of kindred mould with thine,
" Long asked but long denied, a son
" May by Heaven's gift be mine."

The prayer of Faith, albeit alloyed
By superstition's stain,
To Him who scans the inmost heart
Ne'er wings its way in vain.

As with each manly, knightly grace
Adorn'd, young Herman grew,
And on the glories of his race
A brighter lustre threw, —

To Blanche an offspring was vouchsafed,
Saint, king, and warrior bold,
Whom Gallia's sons from age to age
In love and honour hold.

IV.

TO A FRIEND.

With Prof. Franck's "Treatise on the Fear of Man."

O FRIEND, enlightened by the heavenly ray,
Whom grace divine has taught the better way ;
From thy pure breast the love of GOD has cast
That fear which haunts us worst, besets us last :
For thee the *Fear of Man* its snares in vain
Spread wide, with sin and sorrow in their train.
Oh bend, then, from thy eminence serene
To one who wanders in this low terrene :
Ne'er to the Ruler of Sabaoth's ear
Did saint prefer an unavailing prayer ;
For me, may thine, effectual, fervent, rise,
And with accepted incense pierce the skies,
That I may trace the path thy steps have trod,
Till *Fear of Man* is lost in *Love to GOD*.

V.

THE LEGEND OF KLOSTER NEWBURG ;
OR, THE LOST VEIL.*

O N Leopoldsberg's palace height
By rolling Ister's flood,
Fresh from the altar's mutual plight,
A royal couple stood :

* See Mrs. Jameson *On Sacred and Legendary Art*,
vol. iii. pp. 192-3, ed. 1850.

Hand knit to hand and heart to heart
By love's constraining power,
Both felt their cup of bliss o'erflow
In that extatic hour.

Then, as their joyous glance they cast
O'er Austria's wide domains,
From where Bohemia's mountains rise
To wild Hungaria's plains ;

While dimly looming through the haze
Of morning's misty wreath,
In pride of antique tower and town
Vienna stretched beneath ;

A spark of higher, holier flame
Their meditations fan,
Till thought enkindling into speech,
Thus Leopold began :

"Fair Agnes, be not all we see
"With selfish pleasure scann'd ;
"Nor let us, while we taste the gift,
"Forget the Giver's hand :

"He to our rule these fair broad lands
"Has with his blessing given,
"And to each other grants ourselves,
"That last best gift of Heaven :

"Let some high act of sacrifice
"Our gratitude make known ;
"Albeit, whate'er the offering be,
"We give Him but His own."

He said ; and thus fair Agnes spake
Her heart with zeal deep-fraught :
"Thy glowing words, dear Leopold,
"Interpret but my thought :

"Upreared in faith by holy hands
"Bid some fair abbey stand,
"A witness of our bridal vow
"Throughout Germania's land.

"There white-robed priests with solemn chant
"Shall hymn Creation's praise,
"And, for Redemption's holier boon,
"Melodious anthems raise.

"Nor deem we this an offering meet ;—
"For every gift is small,
"When measured by our debt to Him
"Who freely gave us all."

E'en as with upraised eyes she spoke,
The morning's buoyant gale
Aloft from Agnes' radiant crown
Wafted her bridal veil :

Awhile through ether's ambient fields
They traced its airy flight,
Till melting into distant clouds,
It vanished from their sight.

How swift where love and peace prevail
The waning seasons glide ;
How idly marked the quick return
Of each recurring tide !

And oh ! too oft, when all our state
Kind Heaven has prosperous made,
Do we, forgetful and ingrate,
Leave holiest vows unpaid !

'Twas thus four years Time's iron hand
Had on his dial told,
Since Leopold's and Agnes' vow
Was in Heaven's courts enrolled.

In Newburgh's glades shrill echo wakes,
Roused by the hound and horn,
While forth the royal hunters fare
To taste the fragrant morn :

Fleet from its covert bounds the deer,
Stout woodsmen urge the chase,
Hunter and hound with glad acclaim
Mingling in headlong race.

The king, as through the tangled wood
In keen pursuit he hied,
His saintly spouse's long-lost veil
High on a branch espied.

Swift at the sight old memories wake,
Compunction stirs within :
"I own my flagging zeal," he cries ;
"JESU, forgive my sin.

"Be this my guide, my omen this ;
"Such signs let none despise :
"Here shall our solemn vow be paid,
"Here shall our fane arise."

And soon, midst Newburg's forest shades,
 Rose yon time-honoured pile,
Where hymns of praise are wafted still
 From Kloster-Newburg's aisle :

The crown of sainted Leopold
 And holy Agnes' veil
That cloister's treasury yet retains,
 A witness to the tale ;

But richer, holier shrines than hers
 Their memories invest,
Which glow and throb instinct with life
 In each true German breast.

VI.

ISAAC AND REBEKAH.

(GEN. XXIV. 63.)

TO meditate at eventide
 Slow pacing from his tent,
Across the desert lone and wild
 His steps the patriarch bent.

He viewed the sun descending fast
 Toward the western main,
And marked the lengthening shadows cast
 Across the trackless plain :

And, as the waning splendour paled,
Beheld the crescent moon
Walking in brightness, girt by stars,
Onwards to night's high noon :

As evening's pearly dew-drops clothed
Its leaves with spangles bright,
Each aromatic herb exhaled
New odours of delight :

Fresh as when first creation rose
The patriarch breathed the air,
And felt its fragrant gale compose
Each day-born cross and care :

Then freed from earthly weight the soul
Up-winged her eagle flight,
Spurning her grosser mate's controul
To melt in visions bright.

Fresh mercies day by day enjoyed
His grateful memory fill ;
Fresh rescues day by day vouchsafed
From threatened woe or ill.

Then o'er his mind of holier life
New resolutions rose ;
And narrower paths and rougher ways
His wakened spirit chose.

Perchance e'en through the murky haze
That dimmed his distant sight,
There burst upon the patriarch's gaze
Some struggling ray of light,

Which, to the eye of faith unveiled,
Like sun-gleams through a storm,
But half-disclosed and dim-revealed,
A SAVIOUR'S mystic form. —

But soft : upon the horizon see
A distant speck advance :
What strong and sudden impulse breaks
The musing patriarch's trance ?

What means that eye-ball's kindling fire,
That breath's quick panting sound,
That pulse which leaps with wild desire,
That swelling heart's rebound ?

Near and more near it comes ; and now
A stately train behold !
Camels and barbs in gallant show
With purple decked and gold !

Foremost amid the glittering throng
With bridal pomp arrayed,
In simple grace of womanhood,
Proceeds a peerless maid.

What bids that maiden's ivory cheek
With rosy blushes glow ?
What heaves with tumult warm and deep,
That breast like driven snow ?

'Tis *She* whom to his fond embrace
Accepted prayers accord ;
'Tis *He* whom Providence decrees
To be her bosom's lord.

In sweet obedience she descends,
Scared by no idle fears,
But veils with maiden modesty
Her blushes and her tears.

He to his bosom folds his bride
With rapture none may speak,
And with a glowing welcome seals
Her not unwilling cheek.

Then to the bridal tent he leads
The long expected fair,
Where Heaven's propitious benison
They seek in fervent prayer.

That benison JEHOVAH grants,
And each succeeding age
Their bright example marks, displayed
In Israel's sacred page.

May those to whose more favoured eyes
A clearer light is given,
Seek in like bonds to realise
The high behests of Heaven ;

Whilst in this hallowed type they view
CHRIST'S union with His spouse,
May falseness foul nor discord fell
E'er rend their plighted vows.

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The research was conducted in a systematic and rigorous manner, following the principles of good research practice. The data collected was analyzed using appropriate statistical methods, and the results were presented in a clear and concise manner. The findings of the study are discussed in detail, and their implications for practice and policy are explored. The paper is well-structured and easy to read, and it provides a valuable contribution to the field of research.

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